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WILL THERE BE WAR?

THE best mode of approaching all questions affecting foreign nations is to study the claims, the views, and the feelings of that party to a quarrel which is least in favour with Englishmen. At present, Prussia is not so much in favour with Englishmen as France is. The Prussians have been very successful lately, and bystanders have an uncomfortable feeling at the spectacle of too much good fortune. The Prussians personally are an insolent, overbearing race; they make themselves far more disagreeable than the French do; and there is still lingering in some quarters the foolish feeling provoked by the Danish war, that although we could not conveniently fight Prussia ourselves, yet we had a big friend whom some day we would set on Prussia to avenge us and Denmark. The German side of the quarrel is accordingly thrown into the background, and if we hear from German authorities that Prussia is determined not to give way, this resolution is treated as a piece of mad insolence or of blind and besotted obstinacy. Calling them names, however, will not make the Germans less determined; and if we wish to guess on fair grounds whether there will be war, we must begin by inquiring how it is that the Germans are so determined. If we do this, we shall soon find that with the Germans the present question is not a question of nationality. They do not claim Luxemburg as German. Count BISMARCK has expressly renounced this view. Germany, as he declares, does not want Luxemburg, and Luxemburg does not want Germany. But Prussia is in possession, not of the territory of Luxemburg, but of the fortress, and why should Prussia be turned out? Prussia was placed there by Europe to watch against the ambition of France, and especially to protect Germany against France; and yet the King of HOLLAND thinks that he is to be allowed to sell this very fortress to France, and then the French are to tell the Prussians that they are on French soil, and must walk out. But the Prussians are told that they need not mind this, because things are changed, and they are so much relatively stronger than they were that they need not object to France being strengthened. That is, they are asked to give up a strong position to France because they are better able to fight her. In other words, Germany has to indemnify France for the injury France has sustained by a strong confederacy being substituted in Germany for a weak one. Why should this be? If Germany makes her unity still more complete and her confederation still more effectual, are the French to claim some further compensation? Are they to have a slice, bigger or smaller, of the left bank of the Rhine, to make up for Bavaria and Wurtemberg associating their fortunes altogether with those of the Northern States? This the Germans will never consent to. They may fight and be beaten, and may have to give up Luxemburg and a great many other places of more importance; but at any rate they will do their best to keep what they have got. To German eyes the case presents itself as a whole. They ask whether they are to admit the principle that, as between themselves and France, they are to be called on to give up something to France because they improve their political condition. Is it we alone, they may ask, that have improved our political condition? Have we alone made ourselves stronger for military purposes? Certainly not. France has substituted a military despotism for a constitutional government, and one of the very strongest claims which the Second Empire has on the feelings of Frenchmen is that, even if it makes them less free at home, it makes them more powerful abroad. It enables them to carry on war more swiftly, effectually, and successfully. The Germans, in their turn, have adopted a new organization, which enables them to bring into the field more troops and better troops under a better system; and then, because they have done this, and have so far followed the example of France, they are told that

they must give France a fortress to make things square. Their only reply, the only reply possible for them to such a demand, is that, if the French want the fortress of Luxemburg, they must come and take it.

The Germans have also a feeling that they are being most unfairly sacrificed to the necessities of the French Empire. They think that the EMPEROR feels his throne to be in danger, and wants a war to make himself safe. He has lost prestige in Mexico; he passed last year in a state of discreditable vacillation. Now he feels that war must come, or he will be lost; and the Germans strongly object to being made war upon in order that the French may be tempted to forget that they were ordered out of Mexico by the United States, and that the EMPEROR has no longer a very brilliant position in Europe. Nothing can be more aggravating to a nation than the thought that it is to have its commerce cut up, and its taxes doubled, and its families desolated, and its soldiers killed, because a foreign Sovereign calculates that it would suit him better to have a war than a revolution. People who feared that such an injustice was going to be done them might very well argue that the least concession would be ruin, and that nothing could possibly save them except a boldness which would show that to fight them would be a most dangerous risk, and that their enemy, if he wants war as a protection against revolution, would do well to make a war that promises to pay better. The Germans reflect that the causes which, as they conceive, are nearly producing war now, may produce it very easily hereafter. No one knows what will happen in France when the reign of the present EMPEROR terminates. The military despotism may continue, and the next EMPEROR may feel that, with a weaker title, and a more precarious hold on power, war is the first condition of his existence. The only way for Germany to avoid being victimised is to show herself perfectly prepared for war, and perfectly ready to fight. A long and undecisive war is as unfavourable to a military despot as no war at all. The Germans may reasonably hope that, if they either fight well now, or succeed in averting war by proclaiming themselves quite ready for war, they may henceforth ward off a serious, pressing, and permanent danger. These, right or wrong, are the feelings and calculations of the Germans. They decline to admit the principle that, because they increase their political and military strength, France is entitled to ask for compensation. They wish to convince the military despots of France that they are not to try to recover prestige at the expense of Germany. So far, therefore, as the preservation of peace may be supposed to depend on the Germans giving way, it may be confidently said that there is no hope of peace. They most certainly will not give way.

But will France give way? No one can answer this. If the French nation thinks its honour involved in turning the Prussian garrison out of Luxemburg, there must be war. A few weeks ago it was perfectly indifferent to Luxemburg and its garrison. Nor does it much care about either now. But a great many Frenchmen feel sore about Prussia. They think they have cut a very poor figure last year; and somehow, although they do not clearly know how, they now find themselves in such a position that, if they let this Luxemburg question drop quietly, they think their conduct will be ascribed to fear. Just as, to all appearance, the Germans are not actuated by an absurd desire to claim Luxemburg on the ground of nationality, so it must be confessed that the French do not appear to be actuated by a desire for territorial aggrandizement. The Germans are, in a general way, fond of making out that half-German races are wholly German; and the French are, in a general way, fond of acquiring territory, and their general habits of thought are not discarded entirely on this occasion. But the main motive, the leading thought, is not German nationality or French aggrandizement. And it must also be said that even if the general theory

entertained by the Germans about the character of the French Empire is correct, and although no one can doubt that the present EMPEROR would prefer a war to a revolution, yet there are no signs that the war, if it comes, will be his doing. He is not pushing on France to war; it is France that is pushing on him. The semi-official article just published in the *Constitutionnel* states probably what is the simple truth, that the French Government did not think Prussia would object to the cession of Luxemburg or the evacuation of the fortress. It seemed as if Prussia had nothing to lose by this, and might be expected to be glad of showing in a graceful way that she was pleased that the wishes of France should be gratified. The EMPEROR may not unnaturally think that he has given no ground for suspecting that he wants to take the left bank of the Rhine, or that he considers a new war necessary for the maintenance of his power. He showed himself last year much more moderate than his subjects; and when war was in some measure pressed on him, he seemed to appeal to the good sense of the country, and to lean for support on the growing dislike with which war is regarded in France by those who most suffer from taxes and have to shed their blood most freely in battle. Even at this eleventh hour the language of the French Government is studiously courteous and conciliatory. Since Prussia unfortunately is not so accommodating as was expected, and asserts that she holds Luxemburg under a general European arrangement which is not to be disturbed by bargains between France and Holland, France is ready to accept this view, and to invite the other great Powers to consider what should be the destiny of the fortress of Luxemburg now that the territory of Luxemburg is no longer a part of the German Confederation.

It is undoubtedly open to Prussia to reply that the other Powers have nothing to do with the matter, and that Germany, having had this fortress entrusted to her for the protection, not only of Europe, but of Germany, cannot be dispossessed at the pleasure of other Powers. But it is obvious that, so far as Europe was concerned, it was because the province of Luxemburg was made a part of the German Confederation that the fortress was handed over to the safe-keeping of German troops. The two things went together. In 1839 the Great Powers forced Belgium to give up Luxemburg to Holland on the express ground that, as it was a part of Germany, the Belgians could not be allowed to retain it as a portion of the territory which they had succeeded in wresting from Holland. But now Luxemburg is no longer a part of Germany. The Germans do not wish that it should be so. It is a possession of the King of HOLLAND, who wants to be rid of it, and it is a most glaring anomaly that Prussia should retain the right of garrisoning a fortress in the midst of a territory that is entirely alien to her. If she chooses to say that, having got the fortress, she will keep it whether she is right or not, and whether her position is anomalous or not, she can do so, and it is possible she may do so successfully. But she certainly, in doing this, abdicates her claim to hold Luxemburg by a European title. If she says that she must hold it for the protection of Germany, this does not really alter her position, for she still occupies new ground. She is assuming more than the European settlement gave her. She is, in fact, holding a non-German town for the protection of Germany, and the Powers that placed her there never meant that this should be so. If the cession of Luxemburg is looked upon as a compensation to France, or as a sign that Germany will yield to claims made for the purposes of French politics, it is impossible to conceive that the Prussian garrison will be withdrawn. But if it is looked at with reference to the general politics of Europe, the case is very different. For, as between Europe and Prussia, the continuance of a Prussian garrison in non-German territory is a sort of usurpation. But Prussia cannot be expected to admit that the fortress which she is asked to give up shall be given to France. If it is contrary to the spirit of the European settlement that she should hold Luxemburg now that Luxemburg is no longer German, it is still more contrary to the spirit of that settlement that the fortress she holds as against France should be given to France. But then it is urged that, if she withdraws, France, on the first opportunity, will be sure to seize it, and that to withdraw is virtually to give it to France. To this there is only one answer. If Luxemburg is placed under the same guarantee as Belgium, France can never seize it except by risking a war with the guarantors. Prussia may be persuaded to consider this guarantee a sufficient security; and this is, we imagine, almost the only hope of peace being preserved. It is not a solution of the

difficulty at all agreeable to us, for Englishmen view with the utmost dislike all projects for extending our engagements to defend foreign soil. But, as we have guaranteed Belgium, we should not be running a new risk. Or if, in a remote way, our risk is increased, this perhaps is not too great a sacrifice to make in order to preserve peace.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE supposition that Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to Mr. CRAWFORD was written in a moment of pique, and under a sudden impulse, is contradicted by the frame and language of the letter itself. Any one who takes the trouble to examine it carefully will see that it has been most studiously worded, and that it is meant to embrace and dispose of a considerable variety of difficult points. And if the letter itself did not show this, the position in which Mr. GLADSTONE was placed by the recent division, and still more by all that had passed in Parliamentary circles before the division, would suffice to suggest that some such announcement would in all probability be made. A party leader cannot lead his party unless his party will follow him, and Mr. GLADSTONE has to contend with a considerable reluctance to follow him. His personal faults and shortcomings in some measure account for this; but of all the causes at work they are by far the smallest. Mr. FORSTER pointed to the main cause when he said that Mr. GLADSTONE is too much in earnest for the House of Commons. He cares about Reform, and the majority of the House does not care about it. The present House was elected when jauntiness was supposed to be the finest flower of statesmanship, and when Reform was considered to be nothing more than a disagreeable reminiscence apart altogether from current politics. To talk a few platitudes about Reform, and to smile at it more or less openly, was held to be all that a Liberal candidate need do. To a very large section of those so elected Reform is even now a bore and a nuisance, and, if it must come, then to get rid of it as quickly and easily as possible seems the best thing. Some representatives, too, even of considerable towns, secretly suspect that their constituents, although they must talk and hear the regulation Liberal palaver, do not really wish very much for a change that would transfer their power to others; and there are Liberals like Lord GROSVENOR, who are only hereditary Liberals, and have no opinions or feelings in harmony with those of the Liberal party, except that they have been accustomed from their cradle to look on themselves as Whig magnates, and not Tory magnates. To all these men a change of Ministry would be very unwelcome, and it would be unwelcome to men of a totally different class on other grounds. There is a deep and well-grounded horror in a large portion of the Liberal party lest too hearty and premature a support of Mr. GLADSTONE should involve the creation, not of a Cabinet headed and guided by Mr. GLADSTONE, but of one under the dreary old Whig officials who think the party exists for their benefit. Private reasons make many very anxious to avoid a dissolution, with its attendant expense and vexation and uncertainty. A party under the influence of feelings so mixed shrinks from the earnestness of a man who believes in and promotes Reform for its own sake, and is glad of any excuse for declining to share his fortunes. A very large proportion of those who voted with Mr. GLADSTONE were very glad to be beaten. There is no majority of Reformers in the present House of Commons; there is only a majority anxious to get quit of the nuisance of Reform, which is a very different thing. What is a leader to do whose followers are indifferent or hostile to the object for which he is contending, who are very much afraid lest he should be called on to take office, and who like him to be beaten on a division? An intriguing man might see an opportunity for intrigue, a selfish man might try to lay the foundations of a new form of personal power and eminence, but Mr. GLADSTONE is not that sort of person. If he condescended to dodges and to stealing small Parliamentary victories, like an electioneering agent in a borough, he would cease to be himself, and would entirely lose his position in the country. But what an honourable man can do is to do exactly what Mr. GLADSTONE has done; and that is, to tell his followers that, as on this particular subject they do not want to follow him, he will not force himself upon them as their nominal leader.

This has been a disappointment to many persons, but we observe that it has been chiefly a disappointment to those who dislike Mr. GLADSTONE. They do not approve at all of this abdication of what they are pleased to consider his proper functions. They have invented a rôle for him, and find it most provoking that he will not fill it. The rôle they thought he ought to have played was this:—He ought to have been a leader of

Opposition, talking and haranguing as much as he liked, but always out-voted. They do not want a Reform Bill carried without debate. It seems too obvious a mockery if no one will talk for or against it. They want it to be carried by a comfortable majority over a baffled Opposition. As the *Standard* said one day this week with its own touching frankness, "the Bill must be discussed, but not changed." But it is no credit or satisfaction to beat those who are notoriously weak. To discomfit a strong opponent in a way that would especially wound and insult him would be the really pleasant thing; and nothing could be so pleasant as to discomfit perpetually the foremost man in the country, and to show continually the superiority of easy-going common sense over genius and earnestness. Besides, if sincere Reformers are not decisively beaten, it might seem as if the Bill that was passed was not distinctly accepted by the country; whereas, if Mr. GLADSTONE had had his say and been outvoted, the whole case might be taken to have been argued out and decided once for all. All this made it most desirable, for those who are afraid of Mr. GLADSTONE and dislike him, that he should be taking divisions all the Session, and should be all the Session left in a minority of twenty-one. But what seemed an excellent thing in their eyes could scarcely be attractive to Mr. GLADSTONE himself. To damage his reputation and influence for the amusement of his adversaries was more than he could be called on to do. His followers, rightly or wrongly, would not allow him to select the plan of Reform to which the Liberal party should adhere. He had explained and advocated this plan to them, and they had rejected it. Let us assume that they were not to blame for this, and that household suffrage under difficulties is a better basis than a fixed figure with all difficulties removed. Still Mr. GLADSTONE, being most decidedly of a contrary opinion, would have found it very hard to act as spokesman of views he did not share. All that remains to be done is to improve the Government Bill, and is it best that this should be attempted by Mr. GLADSTONE? Looking at the House of Commons simply, there is a very fair ground for thinking that improvements suggested by others might have a better chance. The Government certainly will not be so much coerced to give way as they are when attacked directly by the leader of the Opposition; but then they can give way, if they like, with much more ease and with much less sense of humiliation. The dread of upsetting the Government, and having a dissolution or a back Whig Ministry, is so strong that Mr. GLADSTONE scares his supporters by the mere prospect of success. It is at least possible that less distinguished members could make suggestions and changes that would be more acceptable to the Government, and better supported by the House, than if they came directly from Mr. GLADSTONE himself. Mr. DISRAELI at least took upon himself to say openly that the Government would be willing to treat with others more readily than with Mr. GLADSTONE; and a party that allows its leader to be thus slighted—and Mr. DISRAELI, had he not felt sure of his ground, would never have been led into so marked a discourtesy—cannot suppose that it has much to gain by his personal advocacy of its claims and exposition of its wishes.

But Mr. GLADSTONE by no means separates himself from the future from his party, even on Reform; and as to a general abdication of his position as leader of the Liberal party, there is not a hint of it in his letter. He will not pretend to lead a compact majority of Liberal Reformers, for such a majority does not exist. As to improvements in the Bill, he thinks from what he knows of the House, from the frequent communications between the Conservative managers and dubious or perplexed Liberals, and from what Mr. DISRAELI ventured to say to him, that he cannot hope to do as much good as others may. His vote and, we trust, his eloquence are at the service of any one who will try to make the Bill more liberal, yet he will not allow defeat to be made a personal triumph over him. But there is a possibility, which he distinctly contemplates, that the party may change in its relations to him, may honestly ask for his guidance, may wish him to be victorious, may think that he alone can put a distinct Liberal principle in its true light. In such a case he will readily and heartily co-operate. He will fight his hardest, and do his best to win. All he wants to know is that, if he leads, he will be followed. It is possible that such an opportunity may very soon arise. The Liberal party in the country is much more liberal than the Liberal party in Parliament, and Liberals outside the House may manage to give a new tone to Liberals inside. This is what is wanted to make Mr. GLADSTONE's leadership effectual. It is not fair to say that an occasion has as yet arisen this Session which has tested the Liberal party, and shown it not to be in earnest about Reform. There has been

only one division, and Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme was not so distinctly more Liberal than the Government Bill, if improved, that a Liberal may not be excused for preferring the latter to the former. It is not by this division that we judge the Liberal party to be half-hearted about Reform, but by the notorious declarations of many members, by the cabals and intrigues that half-heartedness has made possible, by the indescribable difference that pervades men's looks and words and whole conduct, according as they are in earnest or not. A little enthusiasm in the country, not so much for Reform as for political sincerity, would do much to alter this, and the letter of Mr. GLADSTONE itself appears already not to have been wholly ineffectual in bringing about a change.

AMERICA.

A CASE now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States involves some interesting questions, although the judgment may perhaps not be practically important. The State of Mississippi has filed a bill against the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES and General ORD, military officer in command of Mississippi and Arkansas, to restrain them from executing the recent Acts of Congress for the government of the Southern States. The bill sets forth in detail the numerous points in which the Acts violate both the Constitution and the special contracts by which Mississippi became a State in the Union. A written argument drawn by the counsel for the State enters still more fully into the anomalous character of the legislation which the Supreme Court is invited to set aside as invalid; and there is almost a waste of ingenuity and learning in the elaborate proof of the proposition that revolutionary and exceptional measures are incompatible with the letter of the Constitution. Even when a code of laws has been compiled from a long series of judicial decisions, and from statutes passed to meet the varying needs of many generations, it is constantly found impossible to classify new cases, as they arise, under predetermined rules. A concise instrument framed, like the American Constitution, as the charter of a new political society, is naturally still less elastic. For seventy years after the establishment of the Union the Federal Government and Legislature were merely employed in watching the material progress of a prosperous community. The history of the United States may, in a certain sense, be said to have commenced with the first difficulty which tested the efficiency of the Constitution. During the continuance of the civil war the PRESIDENT exercised dictatorial power, and he was seconded by the discretionary legislation of Congress. On the conclusion of peace Mr. LINCOLN would probably have been allowed to define the terms of reunion or reconstruction; nor was any objection offered to the decrees by which Mr. JOHNSON rapidly restored the separate Governments of the conquered States. But the unfortunate divergence of policy between the PRESIDENT and the Republican party soon produced a conflict between two powers which were almost forced to transcend their constitutional limits. Having proved victorious in the conflict of usurpation, Congress has, without any authority beyond supposed public expediency, assumed all the attributes of a sovereign Legislature. Having deprived the PRESIDENT of his patronage, and of other constitutional rights, Congress will not hesitate to disregard any attempt of the Supreme Court to restrain its encroachments; yet it is perhaps desirable that the rapid changes which are remodelling the political system of the Republic should be formally brought under the notice of the American people.

A preliminary objection to the jurisdiction of the Court may perhaps prevent a decision on the merits. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has demurred to the Bill because the PRESIDENT is, in his official capacity, made a defendant in the suit. The Supreme Court has original jurisdiction in all cases in which a State is a party; but the ATTORNEY-GENERAL contends that, as the PRESIDENT has nothing to do with the law but to execute it, he cannot be restrained by injunction from discharging a duty imposed on him by Congress. It was decided, in the well-known case of AARON BURR, that the PRESIDENT was bound to obey a *subpoena duces tecum*, and the Courts have frequently distinguished his subjection to the law from the immunity of the British Sovereign. The present case is in some respects one of the first impression, and it is impossible to anticipate the judgment of the Court on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's objection. It unluckily happens that, in recent judgments on grave matters of State, the members of the Court have uniformly voted according to their respective political opinions. As there are five Democrats out of nine judges, the full Court will probably admit the Bill on

the file; while the absence of a single member of the majority would enable the CHIEF JUSTICE and his Republican colleagues to sustain the objection to the jurisdiction. The interlocutory judgment will probably determine the decision on the merits, for it seems impossible to deny the principal allegations of the bill. The Acts of Congress in question might have been drawn by a pleader for the express purpose of traversing some of the most definite provisions of the Constitution. If every citizen is inalienably entitled to trial by jury, to the writ of *habeas corpus*, and to the independent exercise of his State rights, it would seem that he cannot be lawfully subjected to the civil and military control of courts-martial, and that the Legislature and Government of his choice cannot be superseded in the discharge of their ordinary functions. The nominal defendant in the suit has, in his *veto* Messages, repeatedly expressed his concurrence with the arguments of the plaintiff. The PRESIDENT refused, on the ground of constitutional right, to approve the Acts which he is now about to execute; and although his opinion carries with it no legal authority, it will be naturally quoted as an admission by the counsel for the State of Mississippi.

The difficulty of bringing facts into close coincidence with legal logic is exemplified in the necessary contention of the lately seceding plaintiff that secession was absolutely void. Although Congress treats the State Governments as irregular and voluntary organizations, all branches of the Federal Government have uniformly insisted that no State could renounce its allegiance. After the war, the PRESIDENT imposed on the conquered States the condition that they should amend their State Constitutions by abolishing slavery, by repudiating the Confederate debt, and by express declarations that the Ordinance of Secession was null and void. The actual State Government of Mississippi has complied with the terms dictated by the PRESIDENT, and it claims to have a legal existence, because it was framed by a Convention of the people. If, however, the Court should hold that the reconstruction was informal, the counsel for the State fall back on the old State Constitution, which could not be theoretically affected by any void ordinance or unconstitutional act. The defendants may, however, plausibly argue that the present plaintiffs in the suit are not entitled to represent the State. If all proceedings since the act of secession were invalid, the Government which existed before the war would be exclusively entitled to recognition by the Court, unless, indeed, its functions had expired in default of re-election. If the Court is disposed to reject the application, it will be easier to deny the suitors a *locus standi* than to reconcile the legislation of Congress with the Constitution. If legal inferences were intolerant of approximation to absurdity, the advocates retained by a conquered State might hesitate to rely on the utter nullity of acts which have been deliberately performed by their clients. The whole proceeding is, in truth, rather a contribution to history than an episode in a political contest. It is useful, for topographical purposes, to record the ancient course of a river which has gradually or suddenly adopted a new channel. The Supreme Court will not be able to enforce any decision which may be opposed to the will of Congress. The general in command of the Mississippi district will not submit to a committal for contempt, and he will merely forward any injunction with which he may be served to his superiors at Washington. Laws are silent in the midst of arms and in the presence of irresistible power. The Northern Americans contemplate the revolutionary measures of Congress with the same complacency which formerly characterized their superstitious faith in the Constitution; and until experience has proved that it is easier to destroy freedom than to restore it, they will reject with unbounded contempt the warnings of domestic and foreign critics.

It seems that many of the Southern States have so far changed their policy that they intend to concur in the scheme of reconstruction. The Republicans may not have satisfied their hostile subjects of the justice of their legislation, but they have proved that they are in earnest. The Sibyl's latest offer is accordingly accepted, because it is understood that it may perhaps not be the last. The negroes are to vote in Conventions from which white citizens loyal to their State allegiance will be excluded, and ultimately a privileged minority will perhaps be allowed to send Representatives and Senators to Washington. The triumphant Republicans believe, with cheerful credulity, that late repentance is perfectly genuine; and they are justified in boasting that they have at last reduced their enemies to submission. Many Confederate leaders have publicly advised their fellow-citizens to conform to the injurious and insulting laws which they are unable to resist. Their conduct is only to be explained by the assumption that

they hope by painful sacrifices to obtain a chance of future revenge. The Southern Americans are not deficient in pride, or in susceptibility to injustice when it is practised on themselves; nor can it be doubted that they appreciate the legislation which imposes negro suffrage on the South while it is still prohibited by the Constitutions of several Northern States. General SICKLES, commanding in North Carolina, has lately been exchanging compliments with the Governor of the State, who has exerted himself to facilitate the acceptance of the reconstruction Acts. Governor ORR, however, has, in an address to the coloured voters, plainly indicated the feelings with which the most moderate Southern politician regards the sectional legislation of the North. He reminds the freedmen of his State that the growers of corn impose exceptional taxes on cotton, and that the Legislature of Ohio withholds the franchise which is conferred on the Carolina negro. It is to correct systematically unequal administration that he desires to return to the Union; and in the meantime he endeavours to convince the coloured population that its interests are identified, not with the North, but the South. The Republicans are using their utmost efforts to convert ten States into a gigantic Ireland, which, like its prototype, will be most formidable in its disaffection when its grievances have been redressed.

RECENT SPEECHES ON REFORM.

IT was natural that the subject of Reform should be taken up in the country during the Easter recess, and it was natural that Mr. BRIGHT should be among the foremost of those who spoke on Reform in the country. It has become a matter of course that, on stated occasions, Mr. BRIGHT shall speak outside the House in a way in which he never speaks inside the House, and shall give to a large assembly a set of opinions which are now stereotyped. There is a great want of variety in these speeches. We are treated over and over again to the same fare. That the Tory party is a villainous party, that nothing it does is or can be anything but an unmixt evil, that the House of Commons is as untrustworthy as it is corrupt, and that justice for the labouring man is only to be got by demonstrations and riots and pulling down of palings, are the unvarying commonplaces of Mr. BRIGHT's speeches outside Parliament. We are quite willing to own that, if much of his declamation is stereotyped, so is much of the abuse of him. Mr. BRIGHT, like all other men, and especially all other leading men, in English political life, ought to be judged quietly and fairly by English critics. If he was more excited and violent than the occasion seemed to require, allowance ought to be made for a man who is in earnest, and has to depend for the success of his cause on others not in earnest, and who is smarting from the wounds of a recent defeat. If he ascribes all virtue and power to mobs and processions and meetings, it ought to be recognised that the conviction now entertained by the present Ministry of the expediency and necessity of Reform was avowedly produced by the great meetings of last year. But what is the occasion for meetings now? Why are we to have violence and disturbance and dismay when Reform is being granted? It is said, by Mr. BRIGHT and those who speak as he does, that nothing but a sham Reform is being given. Who is to know that? The House of Commons has not been tested. The present Bill is a bad Bill, but it might most easily be improved, and no one can as yet say that it will not be improved. With three very slight and simple alterations, the borough franchise might be satisfactorily settled. If Mr. HIBBERT's amendment is carried, so that the compound householder under 10*l.* is placed under the same conditions as the householder above 10*l.*, if the term of residence is reduced from two years to one year, and if Mr. TORRENS's proposal for a lodger franchise is carried, what more can be reasonably wanted? If all the palings in all the parks in the kingdom were torn down, would a better borough suffrage be devised and adopted? But then, Mr. BRIGHT says, these improvements will not be made. The Tory Government, with its inherent trickiness and base hatred of the people, will not consent to these changes, and the Liberal party is not liberal enough to enforce them. This is only a surmise. The Government is in no way committed to refuse these reasonable concessions. Even if pulling down palings is the highest result of political art, it is only fair to let the palings stand until it is known that there is some reason for pulling them down.

Mr. FORSTER is surely as good a Reformer as Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER spoke at Leeds in a totally different sense from that in which Mr. BRIGHT addressed his hearers at

Birmingham. Mr. FORSTER has the sense to see, and the courage to own, the merits of the Bill brought in by the Tories. Being a man of sound judgment and secular straightforwardness, he is without that *odium theologicum* which Mr. BRIGHT imports into politics. Mr. BRIGHT speaks of Tories just as Ultramontanes speak of VICTOR EMMANUEL, or as firm Protestants speak of Papists. They are wrong, in his eyes, by virtue of a sort of inherent original sin. Mr. FORSTER is far above this. He finds that the Government Bill is based on household suffrage, and this, he thinks, is the best possible basis. Apart from the restrictions which also form a part of the Government scheme, Mr. FORSTER estimates that the Bill would admit nearly three-quarters of a million of new voters. But then there are these restrictions, and Mr. FORSTER thinks, as every sincere Reformer thinks, that these restrictions are beyond measure severe, arbitrary, and offensive. But what does he do? Does he advise that people should go about pulling down palings? Not in the least. He advises that the Liberals should make a serious effort to determine which of these restrictions they shall sweep away, and then shall unite to get a fair and comprehensive measure passed. Nor will he allow that the action of the Liberal party in this respect should be dependent on the action of Mr. GLADSTONE. He fully recognises the value of Mr. GLADSTONE'S leadership, and he does nothing more than justice to Mr. GLADSTONE when he attributes much of the lukewarmness observable in the conduct of the Liberal party towards its leader to the superior earnestness and political sincerity of Mr. GLADSTONE. But Mr. FORSTER very justly says that the Liberals must in any case do their best. They must say boldly what they think right and what they think wrong. And it is obvious, from the whole tenour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter, that this is precisely the opinion at which he himself has arrived. He wishes that such improvements as can be made in the Bill may be made, but he thinks that there are others who can propose and advocate these improvements more effectually than he can. Mr. FORSTER, equally with Mr. BRIGHT, separates himself from those who are willing that the measure of the Government should be carried simply because it is very bad, and because the irritation produced by a very bad measure may make a better measure possible. This is a shortsighted and, we may even say, a wicked policy. England is not a vile body to be experimented on for the amusement of politicians. We must aim at that which under the circumstances is the best possible Bill, and, if we can get a Bill decently good, must take it; and if we can only get an illusory, irritating Bill, we must try to get it rejected, and wait till a better Parliament gives us a better Bill.

Several of the members of the Liberal party who voted with the Government in the recent division have found it necessary to make apologetic speeches or write explanatory letters. Of all these utterances the simplest and least open to criticism is that of Mr. HASTINGS RUSSELL, who meekly says that he is very sorry, and will not do it again. Mr. BASS explained that on every principle he could discover, and according to every reason he could imagine, he was quite wrong in voting against his party, but that a sort of wonderful instinct made him vote as he did. He has a nose for Reform which he follows even when he himself thinks he is going wrong. The sagacious WHALLEY, the subtle anti-Jesuit, the pillar of the Protestant Church, met his constituents, and said that he gathered, from what they said to him, that they thought him either a rogue or a fool; on which he was immediately corrected, and was assured that there was no alternative opinion, for no one thought him a rogue. We gather from all this that, if a clear issue on a distinct Liberal principle is put before the House, the constituencies will not much like that their members should break away from their party. On the whole, the speeches hitherto made in the recess have been encouraging. They show that the country, although it wishes for Reform, does not wish for a mere nominal Reform Bill. It is perfectly true that many of the Liberals who are indifferent to Reform are also indifferent to their constituents. Chester probably would return Lord GROSVENOR even if he voted for raising the present 10*l.* franchise. If the country were apathetic, and the House of Commons were left to itself, there is probably a good working majority in favour of making a Reform Bill as much of a sham as possible. But we do not see that the country is apathetic. It is far too sensible and far too just to be always pulling down palings; but it wants an honest measure of Reform. Even if a majority of the House would agree to pass the Government Bill as it stands, we very much doubt whether it would ever become law. A Reform Bill passed in despite, and against the urgent protests, of every

leading politician who is known to care for Reform, and who has personal weight with the classes whom Reform is to please, would be a transparent mockery. Peace is what the trimmers and timeservers want, but how could they hope for peace if the measure passed is not one in which those who have led the Reform movement to the present time could in some degree acquiesce? The present Bill, if changed on the three points above-mentioned, with a reduction in the county franchise and an enlarged redistribution of seats, may do very fairly well; but the Bill, if unchanged, will not be a settlement at all.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

IT is understood that the neutral Powers have made laudable efforts to preserve peace between France and Germany. Austria, indeed, as a possible belligerent, can scarcely assume the position of a mediator; but England, and perhaps Russia, may be considered impartial, and England at least is sincerely desirous of peace. If the Emperor NAPOLEON really meditates a rupture, it will be useless to suggest considerations which are obvious in themselves; and compromises can only be proposed in concert with Prussia. Foreign journalists must be imperfectly informed when they state that Lord STANLEY has admitted the right of the King of the NETHERLANDS to sell the province of Luxemburg. The odious immorality of dealing with sovereign rights as with matters of bargain and sale has not been positively stigmatized by international law; but if a prince has no technical duties to himself or his subjects, he is responsible to the Powers which may have committed a territory to his care. The Congress of Vienna gave Luxemburg to the House of ORANGE to be kept, and not to be sold. The statesmen of the time were even superfluously anxious to confine France within certain boundaries, and the fortress was confided to a German garrison because it was doubtful whether the King of the NETHERLANDS would be able to guard it against a formidable neighbour. Lord STANLEY has perhaps disclaimed, on the part of England, any desire to perpetuate the exclusion of France from Luxemburg; but the GRAND DUKE, in his disreputable contract with France, not only neglected his duties, but also exceeded his rights. The best excuse for the Emperor NAPOLEON is to be found in the negligence which allowed Luxemburg to remain outside the North-German Confederation. The Duchy, in common with other border provinces, had in former times not unfrequently changed its allegiance. It was conquered by LOUIS XIV. in time of peace, soon after the conclusion of the Treaty of Nimègue, and thirty years later it passed by the Treaty of Utrecht into the possession of Austria. The French Republic and Empire held the province by right of conquest; on the fall of NAPOLEON the entire Duchy was included in the German Confederation; and after the Belgian revolution the Eastern portion retained the privileges and liabilities of the whole. By the calculated or careless silence of the Treaty of Nikolsburg, the province would have become, as far as Germany was concerned, a derelict, if the fortress had not been occupied by a Prussian garrison. The danger to be apprehended by France from M. DE GIRARDIN'S Quadrilateral can have been in no degree aggravated by the dissolution of the bonds which united Luxemburg to the old Confederacy.

The improvements of modern civilization enable great Powers to prepare for the most gigantic wars, and at the same time to profess that their armies are on a peace footing. During the spring of 1859 the English Ambassador in Paris received daily assurances that no armaments were in progress, until 200,000 men commenced the passage of the Alps. Precisely similar statements purposed in 1866 to reassure alarmists who complained of the warlike intentions either of Austria or of Prussia. The purchase of horses, the revocation of furloughs, the provisioning of fortresses, are all compatible with peaceable intentions; nor is a large expenditure always wasted when it convinces an adversary of the expediency of moderation. In some recent instances ostentatious preparations for war have been followed by successful negotiations. M. THIERS armed against England in 1840, and FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. called out the Landwehr to resist the pretensions of Austria in 1850. The French Government has reason to congratulate itself on the return of the troops from Rome and from Mexico, and it can dispose of 300,000 men, with ample reserves, for immediate operations on the Eastern frontier. Peace would be hopeless if there were not equal forces on both banks of the Rhine. The Prussian MINISTER of WAR lately informed the German Parliament that he could have disposed of 650,000 men within

a month after the battle of Königgrätz. At that time, Hanover, Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Saxony were on the other side; and some of the minor States contributed no contingent to the Prussian armies. France must now, in the event of war, be prepared to deal with all Germany beyond the Austrian possessions. It seems rash to incur so serious a risk for the purpose of maintaining the right of not being forbidden to purchase an additional Department.

The incidents of the dispute have hitherto been unsatisfactory to France, for the menace of war has relieved the Prussian Government of several political difficulties. The Federal Constitution has been adopted by the German Parliament without serious opposition, and the States south of the Main are preparing to fulfil the obligations which they incurred by last year's alliance. Count BISMARCK has carefully avoided the use of language which might have precipitated a collision. It is possible that, at the interview of Biarritz, he may have flattered the ambitious hopes of the Emperor NAPOLEON; and even after the negotiations between France and Holland transpired, the Prussian Minister may have waited to ascertain the feelings and wishes of his countrymen. It is always an advantage to a statesman to represent a patriotic impulse which he has not attempted to stimulate. There is no doubt of the answer which has been rendered to the implied question whether Germany would endure the alienation of Luxemburg. The days of French dictation are over, since the German princes have understood the impossibility of a foreign alliance against their own country. In the time of RICHELIEU, in the time of MAELBOROUGH, and during the wars which followed the French Revolution, a large portion of Germany was always allied with France; but now, for the first time in history, the two nations are likely to be engaged in a single-handed contest. There must be prudent and conscientious men, both in France and Germany, who deprecate useless bloodshed and the derangement of industry; but, as far as it is possible to ascertain the state of public opinion, both countries prefer war to the alternative of concession. The few French journals which have hitherto professed to favour the aggrandizement of Prussia, begin to echo the popular demand for a vindication of the national honour. Just confidence is placed in the army, which will undoubtedly maintain its ancient reputation. The worst that can happen to France is the slaughter of its soldiers and the expenditure of its resources. There is little risk of losing territory at the conclusion of peace, and hopes are cherished of extending the frontier in the direction of the Rhine. As the German fleet is still imaginary, the French navy will maintain an undisputed superiority by sea. The blockade of the North German harbours, if it were simultaneous with the closing of the railways which lead to Belgium and Holland, would compel the whole of Germany to receive its maritime imports by way of the Adriatic, or of the Russian provinces on the Baltic.

If war breaks out, it will for the present be confined to the principals in the dispute. The conjectures which have ranked Italy on one side or on the other are transparently idle. Governments in modern times are not guilty of such outrages on common sense as the corrupt alliance of CHARLES II. with Holland. RATTAZZI would be a traitor to his country if he engaged in a wanton attack on an ally for the sake of the rumoured loan of 24,000,000*l.* Neither France nor Prussia has any adequate consideration to offer to Italy for assistance which would be almost useless. There are men enough in France and Germany to sacrifice to ambition or patriotism without dragging Italy into the quarrel. It will probably not be necessary for either belligerent to provide against the hostility of Austria. The Hungarians and Bohemians take little interest in the protection of the Rhenish provinces, and, on the other hand, German Austria is incapable of engaging in war for the benefit of a foreign invader. If further reasons for neutrality were required, the fear of Russia would sufficiently check any warlike tendencies which might prevail in Austria. As England will certainly be neutral, no alliance remains to disturb the equality of the combatants. The rest of Europe will watch the struggle with anxiety, for there is always a danger that war may spread, and that baffled belligerents may compensate themselves for disappointment by encroachments on weaker States. There is little use in regretting the forty years of peace which followed the Treaties of Vienna. For a generation the Sovereigns of the Continent have made it their business to prepare for war, and it is not surprising that the command of great standing armies should incline Governments to make some use of their costly machinery.

At the outset of the probable war, it may not be un-

seasonable to protest against gratuitous announcements of partisanship on either side. There is no reason for provoking angry feelings against England, either in France or in Germany. The humiliation of either Power ought to excite regret, and it is impossible to sympathize with triumphs without seeming to insult reverses. Impartiality would be impossible if there arose a question of the dismemberment of Germany; but whatever may be the aspirations of eager Frenchmen, the war will almost certainly not end in conquest, unless Holland or Belgium should be a victim. In a great military duel the bystanders best show their loyalty by abstaining from words or gestures which can favour or offend either combatant.

RAILWAY FINANCE.

A RAILWAY Company is not so entirely dependent on credit as a bank, but in days when debentures are scarcely negotiable it may suffer severely from incessant discussion. Almost all the volunteer advisers who have engaged in the controversy assume that some violent remedy is indispensable, although many of the great Companies are enjoying considerable prosperity. The panic which commenced with the collapse of the London, Chatham, and Dover finances has apparently obliterated all recollection of previous railway history. For five-and-thirty years there had been no difficulty in borrowing money on debentures, and if the present alarm were allowed to subside, nearly all existing difficulties would silently disappear. Almost all business operations are carried on with borrowed money, in the well-founded confidence that loans can be renewed as long as good security is offered. There are few railways in which the gross receipts fail to leave a large surplus after payment of the working expenses; and, notwithstanding the celebrated judgment of Lord CAIRNS, the balance is available for the payment of debenture interest. It is certainly not true that debenture-holders have, as a body, ever practically relied on any security except the revenue of the living and going concern. The only serious danger to which they were exposed was the coincidence of a money crisis with the expiration of the term of a considerable amount of debentures. The confusion of interest and principal would bring almost any undertaking to a standstill. The blot was no blot till it was hit; but it ought, if possible, to be covered for the future. Several Companies have long since obtained power to issue debenture stock, but in general the rate of interest allowed was too low. The obvious course of permitting the creation of debenture stock on the best terms which could be obtained in the market was recommended by the VICE-PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE in the debate on Mr. CRAWFORD's motion. The American plan of paying interest in new debenture stock too closely resembles the system of inconvertible paper currency, which was justly described half a century ago as an infinite series of broken promises. After the absorption of the terminable debentures, the debt would scarcely differ in character from a first preference stock.

Mr. CRAWFORD has published, in the form of a pamphlet, his own speech and the debate which followed, with an appendix containing all the favourable criticisms on his scheme. It is fortunate that the practical difficulties of the measure which he recommends are for the present insuperable. Innumerable projectors have devised plans for trading on the difference between the public credit and the rate of ordinary loans. To borrow at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and to lend at $4\frac{1}{2}$ seems to be a profitable enterprise, so long as it assumed that the increase of national liabilities would have no effect on the terms of additional loans. Mr. CRAWFORD believes that the Treasury might earn one per cent. on any amount of railway debentures which it might assume in the place of the Companies; but the same consideration would justify many other modes of speculation. In another part of his speech Mr. CRAWFORD oddly complained of the effect produced by the existence of debentures on the demand for Government securities. In former times, he said, the Chancellor of the Exchequer could float 40,000,000*l.* of Exchequer bills, while at present he can scarcely issue 10,000,000*l.* It seems to follow that railway debentures form a desirable investment, and that the facilities for obtaining them ought to be rather increased than diminished. Some capitalists require fixed dividends, while others are willing to incur risk for the corresponding chance of larger profits. Every large undertaking ought to provide for the wants both of the prudent and of the ambitious classes, by a division of the capital into shares and loans. The short dates of debentures have been shown to involve a certain

amount of risk, and it is therefore desirable to substitute, in whole or in part, more permanent obligations. Debenture stock will probably bear a higher rate of interest than terminable loans, because the creditor will not be able to demand repayment of his principal; but prosperous Companies ought to be able to create a stock paying 4½ per cent. The French railways are enabled to pay high dividends on their ordinary stock, by raising the greater part of their capital in the form of permanent loans. The English proportion of 1*l.* of debenture debt to 3*l.* of shares is purely arbitrary, although it has until lately worked well. When an undertaking is improving in prosperity, it is the interest of the shareholders that the fixed charges should be proportionally large; and the advantage accrues as soon as the dividend exceeds the rate of interest.

While hostile legislation is incessantly threatened, Railway Companies ought to be especially careful to avoid any breach of faith, or repudiation of liabilities. It is not surprising that frightened shareholders should shrink from the performance of obligations which may possibly involve a loss, but the abandonment of lines which have been adopted on full consideration is at once unjustifiable and unwise. The Brighton shareholders have not yet decided on refusing to construct the Sussex lines which were to become a part of their system. They have already at several meetings unanimously sanctioned the undertakings which are now denounced by a section of their body; and if they should break a contract which was negotiated with their full knowledge and approbation, they will inevitably be punished by the introduction of competing lines into the heart of their district. The impetuous theorists who are always thrusting contradictory advice upon Railway Boards, after repeatedly advocating unlimited license of construction, are at present urging the expediency of a close monopoly. The project of a railway federation means, in plain language, a conspiracy against the public interest, by which the extension of the railway system would be absolutely stopped. No distinction is drawn between lines which are merely proposed and undertakings which have been already sanctioned by Parliament. The London and North-Western has prudently withdrawn a Bill for a line from Buxton to Sheffield which had already passed the House of Commons, and the change of policy is immediately quoted as a precedent for the abandonment, by the Midland Company, of the authorized line to Carlisle. In other matters it is considered that a contract supersedes the exercise of discretion. Amateur railway politicians always think that Companies ought either to perpetrate or to suffer some act of dishonesty. Lord REDENDALE, in his hostility to contractors, has conferred a gratuitous boon on the great Companies by making it difficult to construct independent lines. The obstacles to railway extension will probably be removed when their effect is thoroughly understood, but the Companies can always exercise the initiative if they make reasonable provision for the wants of unoccupied districts. It is absurd to suppose that the country will tolerate a policy of obstruction and retrogression. A railway federation for the prohibition of branch lines and for the curtailment of trains would almost justify the projects of confiscation or of interference which alternate with unseasonable zeal for the exclusive interests of shareholders.

The national habit or cant of self-deprecation has been exceptionally conspicuous in the popular language which is applied to English and foreign railways. There is no department of social organization in which the advantages of liberty and commercial activity have been more clearly exemplified. England has been covered with railways far more rapidly and completely than France, and the accommodation to passengers and traders on English railways is wholly unequalled. Speed of travelling, frequency of trains, and a sufficient supply of carriages, are secured by private enterprise, and they are not found practically to result from official superintendence. If the London and North-Western or the Great Northern Company were to copy the service of the principal French railways, they would expose themselves to immediate agitation and to ultimate competition. Railway federalists will find it hard to contend against the dissatisfaction of travellers and freighters. A French commercial town is obliged to be content with the accommodation which may be provided by a single Company, while English merchants and manufacturers have successfully insisted on the introduction of two or three lines into every considerable town in the kingdom. Every large system has been forced to extend itself into the neighbouring districts. The great East Coast line runs to Liverpool, the great West Coast line runs to Hartlepool, and the central or

Midland system has thrown out feelers to London and to the Scottish Border. If the temporary difficulty of debentures is overcome, the prosperity of railways is certain to increase. A weekly receipt of 50*l.* per mile is already earned on an average, and the gross returns of traffic are continually increasing. Judicious Boards of Directors will exercise a vigilant control over capital accounts, but they will not preclude themselves by any arbitrary rule from judicious expenditure. Above all, they will carefully abstain from committing themselves to newfangled theories and experiments. In the meantime, enterprising capitalists have an unequalled opportunity of safe and profitable speculation. To lend money on good security with one hand, and to buy stock in the borrowing Company with the other, would be the simplest and surest of operations. A million advanced on debenture bonds, and providing for the discharge of temporary loans, would in many cases add fifty per cent. to the value of a million invested in shares. It is unfortunate that Finance Companies, like other useful instruments, are seldom at hand when they are wanted.

THE NEW BRIBERY BILL.

MR. DISRAELI'S sincere desire to put down corrupt practices at elections has resulted in a new Bribery Bill. The inoffensive measure can scarcely lay claim to be considered as anything higher than an interesting farce. It will do nobody much harm; and, if discussed by the House of Commons with a decent amount of gravity, may possibly be a neat and appropriate conclusion to the many Bribery Commissions which have just been paid for out of the public money. Mr. DISRAELI'S sole recipe for bribery is a very simple one; and consists in the proposal to substitute local Commissions in the place of Parliamentary Committees, whenever a petition is presented on the ground of bribery, treating, or undue influence. It is perfectly possible that the change in itself may be a beneficial one. Parliamentary Election Committees are cumbrous, expensive, and uncertain tribunals. Their decisions, though usually dictated by a desire to do justice, are often inscrutable and mysterious; and the cost of appealing to their judgment is so serious that a prudent man, unless backed by the resources of a great party, or blessed with exceptional affluence, would pause before exposing himself to it. It is something, therefore, to substitute a local inquisition for a Parliamentary one; the chances of detecting offenders are perhaps appreciably increased. But no one can or will believe that a Government which contents itself with so little is thoroughly in earnest about laying the axe to the root of the tree. If the professions of the last two years, if all the Bribery Commissions that have been sitting, and all the revelations that have been made, end in nothing better than this, Parliament and the country have been playing at electoral purism. If this is the truth, the sooner it is confessed the better. And Mr. DISRAELI'S Bill, if it is nothing else, is at any rate a sort of cynical confession of Parliamentary frailty. The House of Commons will not doctor itself, whatever be the disease, and a subtle Minister calculates on the instinct of his audience when he declines to be a party to forcing medicine down their throats. By way of completely understanding the defects of Mr. DISRAELI'S Bill, it is well to begin by reminding ourselves of the leading phenomena of the disease which Mr. DISRAELI professes to cure by repeated applications of that universal poultice, a Parliamentary Commission. The Reports of the late Commissioners present a careful reader with plenty of data from which he may trace the progress of corruption. And, first of all, bribery, like the cattle-plague, is not a purely local malady. It is not that boroughs are corrupt by nature only; they are corrupted by the most perfect appliances of art. We only repeat what everybody knows when we assert that it is in London that bribery begins, and that the distribution of money on the spot is only the final act of a campaign the plans and materials for which have been prepared elsewhere. To scotch bribery it is necessary to stamp out the present system of central and local political agency. Most members of the House of Commons know, in their consciences, that in the electioneering agent's consulting-room all the mischief begins. It is in the attorney's office, not in the petty tradesman's backshop or kitchen, that bribery is hatched. Out of the class whose business is to study and to carry out the law come the men whose business at election times is to contrive how best to break it. It is ridiculous to lay the blame on the weakness of the borough which is the victim, and to close our eyes to the organized conspiracy which devotes itself night and day, by every sort of subterranean intrigue, and by every species of tool and instrument,

to the process of seduction. The small mechanics and the petty day-labourers have not much chance against the elaborate machinery brought to bear on them. Their landlord's agent, the nobleman's steward who takes their rent, the country attorney who knows their private affairs and who has lent them money, the London attorney who has come down ready to pay whatever sum may be demanded of his client for a vote, all are hard at work compassing the one object. As long as this organized army of corruption is permitted by law to work with comparative impunity, bribery will no doubt remain a hopeless and incurable disease. Those who desire to cut it down by the roots must begin by cutting down all paid agency and canvassing. Upon principle such agency is wholly indefensible. The theory is that the candidate, in seeking a seat in Parliament, is soliciting a trust, and not a perquisite; and the constituency that accepts him does so, not in his interest, but in its own. Why should a candidate pay an agent to look after an interest which, *ex hypothesi*, he does not possess? As soon as such payments to agents and canvassers become illegal, bribery will become curable enough.

The next phenomenon about the disease of bribery to which attention may properly be directed is the species of quasi-legal payments made by a candidate, which really are applied to the discharge of corrupt debts incurred either at the time or at some previous election. Back registration expenses are a well-known item in a candidate's bill at a borough election. As Mr. SEYMOUR apologetically put it to the House, everybody knows what are "back" expenses. Either they are douceurs to the local attorney, or else they are liquidations of the unpaid bribery debts of a former election, or at the least they are a tax on the candidate for a registration which ought only to be a burden on the constituency. If it be thought undesirable to prohibit all payments by a candidate on account of registration—and we candidly confess we do not see why it should—at all events registration accounts ought to be discharged when they are incurred, and not to be allowed to run on till candidates appear in the borough. The true source of this and other evils is the non-observance of the law on the subject of published expenses. We wonder in how many boroughs at the last election the provisions of the 26 and 27 VICT. c. 29 were carefully observed. The remedy is as clear as the disease. Let Mr. DISRAELI'S Bill make it a misdemeanour, punishable only by imprisonment, to pay a single sixpence at any time to anybody on account of either public or private election expenses, travelling or hotels included, which is not returned among the published items; and let every candidate, as he takes his seat, hand in his published expenses to the House, coupled with a declaration on his honour that he has paid, and will never pay, anything but what is included in the list. Such a declaration will be worth twenty oaths that no bribery has been committed—a general form of assertion which may cover every possible mental subterfuge.

To Mr. DISRAELI'S Bill for amending the procedure upon petition, so far as it goes, we see no fatal objection. There is room for considerable amendment in the details. The proposed Speaker's panel is, on the whole, a clumsy device. It is better on many grounds to have no standing list of political examiners, but to entrust the choice of proper Commissioners from time to time to the Speaker for the time being. A "Speaker's panel" sounds in jobbery. The choice of three Commissioners on an emergency is sure to be more carefully made than the choice of a permanent list of thirty or forty; and public opinion can more effectually be brought to bear upon it. If the certificates of indemnity continue to be given according to the provisions of 26 and 27 VICT. c. 29, it is useless to make elaborate provisions for official prosecutions which never, except by a rare accident, can occur. We recommend to the notice of Mr. DISRAELI some of the observations made on this subject in the recent Bribery Reports. Finally, care must be taken not to throw on a peccant borough the heavy expenses of the Commission that sits to investigate its sins. A guilty borough no doubt deserves it. But the practical result of such a plan would be to reduce the guilty borough to discreet silence, and to nip both petitions and confessions of guilt in the bud. The appeal to be given from the Commission to the House is, we suppose, an unavoidable consequence of the theory that the House, and the House alone, must decide on the status of its members. The provisions of the Bill are, however, we think some guarantee that the appeal shall not be abused, and no great exception can be taken to it. The real fault of Mr. DISRAELI'S Bill is, as we have pointed out, that it legislates against bribery by *inuen*do and by indirect means alone.

THE EASTER MONDAY REVIEW.

THE Dover Review was in many respects a novel and successful experiment. The fitness of Brighton for the great Volunteer holiday had been proved so often that the process of carrying 20,000 Volunteers to the downs and manœuvring them about the slopes of Ovingdean had become a little monotonous from frequent repetition. It was known what could be done on that field, and it was by no means certain that the same success could be insured elsewhere. The first attempt to break through the prescription which delivered the Volunteers into the hands of the Brighton Railway Company was so far a failure as only to serve to rivet the chains more firmly. The Guildford Review was in every way ill-starred. The railway arrangements were even worse than any that the Brighton Company could compass, the muster-roll fell off from 20,000 to 16,000 or thereabouts, the natives preyed upon the purses of the men to an extent previously undreamed of, and happily defeated their own expectations of profit by the exorbitance of their demands. The weather entered into the general conspiracy, and the Guildford Review was as nearly a failure as any Easter Monday gathering could well be. After having been thus driven back upon Brighton, it needed some courage again to propose the exploration of a new country for the purpose, and but for the obstinacy of the Brighton Railway Company it is probable that the Volunteers would have lost the best field-day they have ever taken part in. Last year the Brighton Company, apparently in the belief that they had beaten off all rivalry, kept regiments of Volunteers waiting through half the night, while excursionists were being carried back to London, and it became evident that the only satisfactory arrangement for the return transit would be to have the line given up for two or three hours exclusively to the Volunteers. This was refused at Brighton and conceded at Dover, and the result has been a very decided improvement.

Railway distances are measured, for all practical purposes, not by miles, but by time; and it has turned out that, with the advantage of two accommodating Companies in place of one that was decidedly the reverse, Dover is much nearer to London than Brighton. Whatever may be the faults of the London, Chatham, and Dover in the eyes of their creditors, Volunteers will remember with gratitude the admirable way in which they were taken to Dover and back without a minute's unnecessary delay. In the management of the London traffic the South-Eastern Company was also efficient, though country corps were in some instances seriously delayed. If Brighton is ever again to see the Volunteers, the example of its rival must be followed, and the traffic placed for a short time in the morning and evening absolutely under military control. And in other respects, Dover, though unable to provide the accommodation with which Brighton abounds, did its best. By calling in aid the neighbouring towns and villages a far larger number than had been thought possible were housed for the day or two preceding the review, and, from all that we can learn, there was nothing that can fairly be called extortionate in the charges demanded. Perhaps the weakest point in the arrangements was in the commissariat branch, the catering not being nearly so luxurious as at the well-practised houses of Brighton; but this is a very small matter, and, upon the whole, the accommodation afforded altogether surpassed the moderate expectations which had been entertained of the capabilities of the little town. In another respect there was a marked difference between the Dover Review and those previously held at Brighton. The spectators were far less numerous; and though this was to be regretted on some accounts, it made the manœuvres much more easy to those engaged, and a good deal more intelligible to the lookers-on. The holiday side of the affair was therefore, if not as grand as on some former occasions, decidedly satisfactory; and from the more important military point of view Dover held out advantages that Brighton could not rival. The castle and the forts, the ships in the bay, and the garrison shoulder to shoulder with the Volunteers, gave quite a fresh aspect to this year's review, and the fear that Dover would prove less attractive than the old ground was answered by the largest muster that has ever been got together on an Easter Monday. There were more than 24,000 of all arms upon the field, of whom between 22,000 and 23,000 were Volunteers. The efficiency of the men seems to be acknowledged by the highest authorities to be quite up to any former display, though the one very weak point in the Volunteer organization was as conspicuous as ever. As far as the internal working of the separate battalions was concerned, there was not much to complain of; but officers in high command for the day did

not always display the intelligence with which Volunteers are so liberally credited, and there were some brigadiers who handled their brigades in a manner which would have been decidedly hazardous on a field of battle. If there had only been bullets in the rifles, some of the poor privates would have had reason to complain of the undesirable positions in which they were placed, and the impossible duties they had to perform. Men were skirmished in the open at conjunctures where they could do nothing but obstruct the fire of their own friends, and an utter contempt for the little cover that the ground afforded was apparently a ruling principle with some of the generals. In some instances musketry fire was opened at more than one thousand yards, and discontinued when the enemy came within range; while the artillery fire was as carefully reserved just where it would have been most effective. Perhaps the most striking lesson of the whole day was the enormous destruction which may be brought about by a moment's blunder or hesitation in the handling of a brigade, and the absolute necessity, if Volunteers should ever be wanted for posts of such importance, of teaching them much more than they know at present of the handling of troops in the face of an enemy. The Dover Review has, however, set a precedent which may be made very serviceable in this respect. A couple of first-rate regiments of the Line, besides some guns of the Royal Artillery, took part in the sham fight, and if on a future occasion the contingent of the regular army were increased to a brigade, the comparisons from which Volunteer soldiers have picked up useful hints as to their own deficiencies might be made equally serviceable to Volunteer generals. For real improvement, the best kind of review would be one in which Volunteers should form a comparatively small contingent of a regular force; and though Easter Monday is not exactly the day for such practice, there is no reason why Volunteer regiments should not be encouraged to take part in operations, at Aldershot and other places, where large bodies of troops are collected. Much more of this kind of training than has yet been available is needed to convert the Volunteers from a mere assemblage of creditably drilled battalions into a solid homogeneous force, and we have no doubt that the officers of the regular army would do their best, in this as they always have done in other ways, to teach the civilian army a few lessons in the art of war, of which they stand very much in need.

It has been suggested, now that Brighton has been found to be not the only accessible point on the coast, that future reviews should be held occasionally at other places, and Portsmouth has been proposed as one of the most promising places for the next year's meeting. Aldershot would not be very convenient for visitors; but that too might well take its turn, for, after all that may be said of giving a holiday character to the Easter gathering, the first consideration is the improvement of the efficiency of the Volunteers of all ranks in those points in which they are most deficient. A combined attack on the defences of Portsmouth would not only be attractive from its novelty, but would carry a step further the instruction which we hope has been derived from the Dover field-day, and a day at Aldershot ought to teach the Volunteers more than they could possibly learn in any place where an equally large concentration of troops would be impossible. All these considerations will no doubt be duly weighed by the commanding officers of the metropolitan corps, and the decided success which has attended their experiment of this year will encourage them to venture on further innovations upon the Easter Monday routine. The Volunteers have every reason to thank their leaders for the judgment that has been shown in the selection of the ground this year, and to be grateful for the good nature and zeal with which officers of army and navy alike have assisted their efforts to improve in the duties which they have undertaken.

ENGAGEMENTS.

A GREAT writer has pathetically described the last days of a man under sentence of death. He has found appropriate expression for every phase of the protracted agony with characteristic richness and variety of language; we are made to taste each drop in the bitter cup—the remorse and the awful expectation, and the desperate clinging to deceitful straws of hope. Indeed it scarcely requires the eloquence of a first-rate writer to impress upon us the fact that it is very unpleasant to expect to be hanged. Every man's imagination is sufficient to realize some of the unpleasant consequences of such a state of mind; for though the number of persons who have encountered this particular experience is inconsiderable, most of us have gone through something more or less

analogous—we have been significantly told to wait after school, or have paid visits to dentists, or have been candidates at competitive examinations, or have been engaged to be married. These and many other situations, though varying in the intrinsic pain or pleasure of the anticipated event, have thus much in common, that they are all states of abnormal suspense. The nerves are kept in a state of equal tension by the uncomfortable feeling that we are in for it, whatever the "it" may turn out to be. The first impression is simple; it resembles that felt by a man who has just slipped upon the side of a mountain, and knows that he is inevitably going to the bottom. He has not time to think whether he will fall upon snow or rocks, whether he will have merely a pleasant slide or be dashed into a thousand fragments; he does not make up his mind to be heroic or to be frightened; the one thought that flashes across his mind is that here at last is the situation which he has so often feebly pictured to himself; he will know all about it before he has time to reflect upon its pains or pleasures. People who have escaped drowning sometimes assert that they have remembered their whole lives in a few instants, though it does not quite appear how they can remember that they remembered a series of incidents without remembering the incidents themselves. But, so far as we have been able to collect evidence, the general rule in any sudden catastrophe is that which we have described. There is nothing but a dazzling flash of surprise, which almost excludes any decided judgment as to the painfulness or otherwise of the situation.

If, then, we may venture to conjecture the frame of mind in which a lady or gentleman first enters upon an engagement, we should say that it was this sense of startled suspense. They feel as Guy Faux would have felt after lighting the train of gunpowder—that they have done something which they may probably never repeat in their lifetime, and every other emotion will be for the moment absorbed. But as engagements are generally more protracted than most of the critical situations we have mentioned, the surprise dies away, and the victims have time to look about them, and analyse more closely the emotions produced by their position. To do any justice to the complicated and varying frame of mind into which even an average lover may be thrown in the course of a few weeks would of course require the pen, not of men, but of angels. It would involve a condensation of a large fraction of all the poetry that has been written in the world, and no small part of the cynical criticism by which it has been opposed. But, taking for granted the mass of commonplaces which has been accumulated in the course of centuries, there are a few special modifications of the position under our present social arrangements which are more fitted for remark. The state of mind known as being in love is confined to no particular race or period, but the position of the engaged persons may vary indefinitely. In a good simple state of society, the gentleman pays down his money or his sheep or his oxen, and takes away the lady without any superfluous sentiment. Even in more civilized states, a marriage may be substantially a bargain carried out in a business-like spirit. However unsatisfactory such a mode of proceeding may be from certain points of view, it is at any rate intelligible; all parties to the contract understand their relative positions, and have a plain line of conduct traced for them. But in a modern English engagement the form is necessarily different, even when the substance of the arrangement is identical. For once in his experience a man feels called upon to accept that view of life for which novelists are unjustly condemned. We say unjustly, for it is inevitable that a novelist should frequently represent marriage as being the one great crisis of a man's history. It is not his function to give a complete theory of life, but to describe such scenes as are most interesting and most dramatic. He is quite justified in often writing as though two lovers should really think about nothing under heaven except their chances of union, and should be dismissed, when the happy event has once taken place, in a certainty of living very happily ever afterwards. He has no concern with the lover's briefs or sermons or operations on the Stock Exchange, which may really take up by far the greater part of the man's waking thoughts; and it would spoil the unity of his work if he were to dwell upon them proportionately. It would be as absurd to mistake the novelist's view for a complete one as to condemn it because it is incomplete. In novels which depend, as ninety-nine out of a hundred must depend, upon a love story, the importance of marriage, or at least the degree in which it occupies the thoughts of the characters, will necessarily be overstated. The engaged persons, however, find that, in the eyes of their friends, if not in their own, they are temporarily accepting the novelist's ideal. For the time they are considered exclusively as persons about to marry, and all their other relations in life retire into the background.

The difficulty of the position depends upon the extent to which this conventional assumption diverges from the true facts of the case. The lady, for example, suffers less than the gentleman, because, in spite of Dr. Mary Walker and other martyrs to the cause of women's rights, it is still true that marriage fills a larger space in her life than in that of the other sex. She can take up the character with a certain triumph, as of one who has more or less fulfilled her mission and passed from the ranks of the aspirants to those of the successful candidates for matrimony. At any rate, even if she takes a loftier view of feminine duties, there is nothing ridiculous about her position. She may busy herself about trousseaux or wedding dresses or marriage presents, with perfect satisfaction to herself and to the envy of her female friends. But her unfortunate accomplice, especially

if he is of mature age, is in a far more uncomfortable position. Few men who have become immersed in any profession or business can act the character without an unpleasantly strong sense of being in a false position. There is nothing indeed intrinsically ludicrous about it; the chances are that the lover is doing a very sensible thing, and that his wisest friends approve of his conduct. Still it is undeniable that he moves about, to his own apprehension at least, in a universal atmosphere of ridicule. He feels that he is really a quiet hardworking young man, full of law it may be, or of plans for improving his parish, or of Parliamentary notices of motion. He can talk about his own topics with interest and intelligence, and may possibly be an authority in a small way. He is quite conscious, too, that there are many sides to his character which do not come out in his ordinary every-day business. Unluckily that is just the fact which his friends are apt to ignore. We soon learn to associate our acquaintance with the positions in which we have been accustomed to see them, and forget that they may have sentiments and faculties of which we know nothing. Consequently an engagement seems to imply an entire metamorphosis. Our friend, or his image in our minds, was a comparatively simple compound of two or three characters at most; whereas men generally have a far more complex organization. In business hours, perhaps, he was simply a machine for grinding out law, and at other times a lively talker and a good whist-player. No process of transmutation will convert either of these into the conventional lover, who can think of nothing but the object of his affections; the apparent incongruity is too violent not to produce a sense of the ludicrous; and our friend is bound in decency to make it as violent as possible. From which it follows that we laugh, and that he knows that we are laughing, at him. Intensely awkward congratulations are exchanged, according to two or three formulas which have been handed down from distant generations. If the congratulator is a married man, he hopes that his friend may enjoy as much happiness as he has found himself in the married state; if a bachelor, he assures him that, although unable hitherto to act up to his principles, he has always thought marriage the right thing. There are persons who can repeat one of these common forms with all the air of making an original observation, as there are men who can begin an oration by asserting that they are unaccustomed to public speaking; but, as a rule, it is said in such a way as to imply that the speaker, whilst admitting the absurdity of connecting the ideas of his friend and marriage, is willing to pay the necessary compliments, if he may do it as cheaply as possible. In short, until a man is engaged to be married, he scarcely knows how narrow a view his friends take of his character, and how easily they are amused at what is after all rather a commonplace proceeding. When his own friends look upon him so distinctly in the light of a joke, he of course cannot expect much quarter from the friends of the lady. He has a painful impression that he is coming out in a part for which he has had no practice, under the eyes of hostile critics. Every man thinks it only due to himself to criticize a friend's new purchases of horses or pictures or wines; if he did not find fault with them he would miss an opportunity of establishing his superior acumen. And of course the principle extends to lovers. There is probably a narrow circle who are bound officially to approve; but the unfortunate victim feels that, outside of it, every acquaintance of the lady will take pleasure in a keen observation of his defects, and he trembles accordingly. It is said (rather unfairly, perhaps) that shyness is a form of conceit; but the least self-conscious of mankind can hardly fail to feel uncomfortable when he is called upon to perform such a highflown part under so severe a scrutiny.

Of course the torment is far greater in the case of a middle-aged professional gentleman, who is habitually employed upon some incongruous work, than to a youth in whom any sort of folly is graceful; but there can be few persons to whom the position is not to a certain extent irksome. When a man is married, or when he is a bachelor, he is allowed to be a rational being, taking rational views of life. He feels it rather hard that in the interval society insists upon his being in a state of temporary insanity, and then laughs at him because it doesn't look natural. He begins to long even for that climax of misery when, if the custom be not already dead, he will have to commit one of the most absurd actions of which a human being can be guilty—namely, making a speech in the morning, at an anomalous and dreary meal, exactly when his shamefacedness is at its highest pitch. That so many people survive engagements without any perceptible sourness of temper is some proof of the goodness of human nature, or of the fact that there are compensations in the state of being in love which go to neutralize the discomfort of being engaged.

SCPTICISM.

IT has been observed by a great writer that Protestantism ends with inquiry and Catholicism begins with faith. We have no intention of discussing how far the saying is theologically accurate, still less of comparing the merits of the rival creeds. But, so far as there is any truth in the observation, it points to a psychological, or rather ethical, difference which cuts deeper than any formal distinctions of religious systems, and cuts across them. In every age, and under every form of belief, not unfrequently in the same mind, we may discern two tendencies struggling for the mastery like the unborn babes in Rebekah's womb—the

temper of criticism, and the temper of faith. But as one or the other is pretty sure to attain partial or complete ascendancy in particular minds, so, too, particular periods are characterized by what sometimes appears the almost exclusive predominance of the sceptical or the believing spirit. Hence the popular designation of the middle ages as the "ages of faith," or of the eighteenth century as, *par excellence*, the age of scepticism. Hence, again, the famous division of the history of mankind into the theological, the metaphysical, and the physical periods, which is a fundamental principle of Comte's philosophy; the collective mind of the race being supposed to pass in its gradual development through the successive stages of unreasoning belief and keen inquiry, terminating at last in the certainty of scientific analysis. The second of the three periods would, properly speaking, be the sceptical; the last, while rejecting the supernatural altogether, would have a certainty of its own quite as strong and far better grounded—on this theory—than the earlier certainty of faith. To enter on an examination of this view of M. Comte's would be to raise the whole question of the "scientific" character of history, and, indirectly, of the independence of the human will; and that lies quite beyond our present purpose. But we have referred to it in illustration of the crucial importance attaching to the sceptical or believing temper as marking the character of a particular phase of society. It will probably be admitted on all hands—for the assertion is being constantly dinned into our ears in every variety of tone, ranging from enthusiastic eulogy to indignant censure—that the present is a peculiarly sceptical age. It is a commonplace of preachers, of essayists, and of pamphleteers. The charge has been deliberately preferred, *ex cathedra*, by one of the most accomplished of the English bishops against the whole current literature of the day, and was implied in the angry accusation of an Irish bishop at a public meeting not many weeks ago, who said that Parliament was opposed to Scriptural education because the members of the House were "Sadducees," and never read their Bibles. We propose, then, briefly to inquire in what sense the charge is true, and how far it may fairly be considered matter of regret.

In popular usage, scepticism is generally spoken of as synonymous with disbelief in Revelation. And there is no doubt a great deal of such disbelief in our own day, though of a very different texture, both morally and intellectually, from the self-complacent infidelity of Voltaire or the coarse profanity of Tom Paine. But scepticism does not mean unbelief, though it often leads to it. It simply means a critical or inquiring temper, and is opposed, not at all necessarily to the acceptance of Christian doctrine, but to that passive, submissive, confiding, or, as some would call it, credulous, temper which readily accepts whatever is put before it for belief. And it is in this sense principally that our own may be considered an age of scepticism, and the mediæval period an age of faith. Are we to say that the antithesis is essential or accidental—that the rival dispositions are at hopeless enmity, or that they are but opposite poles of the ideal character? Is the one exclusively good and the other exclusively bad, or is there much that is valuable in both? Is there any truth in the poet's seeming paradox—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds?

In the first place, then, the most rigid critic will hardly venture to maintain that the world could afford to dispense with the temper of ardent, if you will unreasoning, belief. Undoubtedly every religion which deserves the name has put a high price upon it, and none so emphatically as the religion of the New Testament. Undoubtedly also we owe to it much, if not most, of what is "lovely and of good report" in human character, and noble in human deeds. Our cathedrals, our creeds, our liturgies are a bequest from the age of faith; the spirit of chivalry was its special creation, and we could ill spare those elements in modern society which are more or less directly traceable to that spirit. Even in matters of more purely secular interest we owe much to the same source. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Crusades were, to use the words of a modern writer far removed from sympathy with any form of Christian belief, dictated "by wise and statesmanlike instincts," and essential for the defence of European civilization against the inroads of the Turk; but the motive impulse was derived from the passionate exhortations of Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard, not from considerations of policy. Consider, again, how much that is loveable and praiseworthy and energetic for good in individuals springs from the trustful and affectionate element in our nature. It is the cement of friendship, the root of self-sacrifice, the impetus to every species of philanthropic effort. Without it we might indeed be able to say *video meliora proboque*, but too often our apprehension of duty would issue in no practical result. Faith and scepticism stand to each other much in the relation of poetry and criticism. The purely sceptical spirit can no more produce heroic acts than the most admirable of German commentators on Homer or Shakspeare could have written the *Iliad* or *Macbeth*. Scepticism tests, but faith alone creates. And, more than that, we feel intuitively that there is something not only imperfect, but absolutely repulsive, in the purely sceptical spirit—*der Geist der stets verneint*—which is satisfied with nothing, is always detecting latent evil under the form of good, and withholds its love from whatever it cannot fully understand. The mocking cynicism of Faust wearies and disgusts us, but our human interest is excited at once by his passion of tears when the Easter bells have recalled the memories of childhood, and the poisoned phial is flung away in a momentary access of the old childish faith. Neither an individual nor a society

under the exclusive dominance of the sceptical spirit could win our sympathy, or even command more than a very modified respect. It would be destitute of enthusiasm, of loyalty, of idealism, no less than of faith. So clearly indeed is this seen to be so, that it is often assumed, and not only by preachers and novelists, that all the evil is on the side of scepticism, and all that is noble and of genuine worth on the side of belief. Doubt is spoken of simply as a sin. To a generous and unsophisticated mind such a verdict will almost certainly commend itself at first sight as the true one. But very little looking beneath the surface will show that it is quite as one-sided, perhaps quite as mischievous in practice, as an exactly opposite conclusion.

It may be readily allowed that the virtues most prominently urged upon converts to Christianity at its origin were the passive qualities of humility, meekness, docility, patience, and the like, rather than the more masculine attributes of courage, self-reliance, and candour, on which the higher spirits among the old Romans had specially prided themselves; and it is quite true that the former are the more directly religious, or, as they are sometimes called, evangelical virtues. But then we must remember that, if Christianity seems to lay a disproportionate stress upon them, it had introduced them for the first time into the world, at least as working principles of action; and, on the other hand, the same authority which so peremptorily insists on the necessity of faith also bids us "prove all things," and thus sanctions the inquiring or sceptical disposition. Nor is it at all really difficult to reconcile the two ideas in the abstract, however rarely the true balance may be preserved either in the minds of individuals or in the temper of any given age. We have already remarked that criticism corresponds to poetry as scepticism to faith. And as poetry would run wild without any critical corrective, so faith degenerates into falsehood if there be no spirit of inquiry to control it. We owe to the "ages of faith" an enormous debt of gratitude; but we also owe to them Tetzels indulgence box and the False Decretals. Spurious records, winking images, pious frauds of every kind, are often in their origin, always in their original acceptance, almost or quite innocent; but they can only originate in an uncritical—that is, an unsectarian—age. And what Luther said of theological truth applies to truth of every kind, *neglectum sui ulciscitur*. The fraud which was first honestly believed soon comes to be dishonestly defended, and defended all the more strictly, whether by the material machinery of fire and faggot, or the moral thumb-screws of religious terrorism and chicanery, from an uneasy suspicion that there is something rotten at bottom, if we dared to probe it; and thus the traditional advocates of an arbitrary theory of divine government "speak deceitfully for God," when they become uncomfortably conscious that plain facts are against them; and many a slippery argument and fierce anathema is the thin disguise of a smouldering scepticism too frightened to look difficulties in the face. Men will cling with screaming pertinacity to some exploded fallacy, and curse bitterly all who even hint a doubt, because the habit of believing what will not bear inspection has so completely become a second nature to them that, if one stone dropped out of the patchwork edifice they have compacted of truth and falsehood, the whole fabric would collapse together. When Lamennais's ardent belief in the Pope's infallibility was once rudely dispelled, his faith in Christianity went with it. And inasmuch as a creed which is only held on the tenure of never daring to look into its evidences is no creed at all, there is certainly "more faith in honest doubt," which will not rest till it has obtained secure footing somewhere, than in the mere terrified acquiescence in a system which is felt to be at least "not proven," lest, if perchance it turns out to be true, you should be damned for not believing it. The spirit of inquiry, however removed in principle from the religious spirit, and however irreligious it may often be in fact, is the only guarantee in the long run for the permanence and purity of faith. A merely sceptical age will create nothing; but an age of uninquiring credulity will hand down to later generations its most sacred truths disfigured and imperilled by a thick incrustation of error. In a perfect mind or a perfect age the readiness to submit with unshrinking trust would be precisely measured by the ascertained trustworthiness of the authority which claimed submission. But as the perfect mind and the perfect age must be looked for in Utopia, and not in Europe, we must be content to balance the two opposite tendencies as they actually exist, in very unequal proportions in various persons and various epochs, against each other, neither rejecting the aid of scepticism in testing the reality of our beliefs, nor allowing ourselves to rest in a chronic suspense of judgment as an adequate substitute for any belief at all. In many things it may be impossible to advance beyond a merely negative conclusion. But the curse of sterility will rest on the life of individuals or of nations when it is not based on some assured convictions, and inspired by some trusted hopes.

We have all along implied that the question is wider than of any merely theological application. Not only in religion, but, in every branch of science or of art, docility is a first condition of success. But if willingness to be taught is the beginning of knowledge, eagerness of inquiry is needed to bring it to perfection. Without a spirit of confiding loyalty, patriotism would languish; but passive obedience has always been the foster-mother of tyranny, and has generated the characteristic vices of sycophants and slaves. Reverence is indeed a virtue, but then it should be scrupulously concentrated on objects that really deserve it. Generous enthusiasm is the aliment of love, of friend-

ship, of devotion to a noble cause; but unless it be guarded by a jealous intolerance of deception, it results too often in misplaced affection, or throws all its weight into the wrong scale, and wins a new lease of life for some worn-out despotism of which the world was weary. The great and pressing danger lies, not in the spirit of faith or the spirit of scepticism in themselves, but in the unnatural antagonism of what should be natural allies. When the honest inquirer is denounced as a profane person and an enemy of God, and the honest believer is sneered at as a bigot or a fool, they are very likely to become pretty much what their censors have called them. The one is driven into the position of an infidel, the other of a persecutor and a liar for the service of God. Let it once be fairly admitted that in religion, as in knowledge and in life, the spirit of devotion and the spirit of inquiry have each their sphere and their work, and that neither can attain its proper end without the assistance of the other, and we should be spared whole cartloads of unprofitable recrimination, and, which is still more important, we should not so often see men of strong convictions and ardent piety sink even beneath the world's standard of truthfulness in their zeal for upholding what they consider to be the cause of truth.

THE TIMES' CALCUTTA CORRESPONDENT ON MYSORE.

IN common with many other English journals, we not long since expressed our satisfaction at Lord Cranborne's treatment of the Mysore case. Opinion in this country seems indeed to be nearly consentaneous as to the justice and good policy of the determination at which the present Ministry has arrived, and of which the Secretary of State for India was the mouthpiece in the House of Commons. At any rate not a voice has been lifted in the public press, condemning, or even regretting, the step now irrevocably taken in Mysore affairs. It might be too much to assume that the "annexation" school is defunct in this country, but this silence certainly argues that those who may be still wedded to opinions that were paramount in the time of Lord Dalhousie feel the uselessness of further supporting doctrines which are now nearly obsolete, and thrown into the vast limbo of admitted mistakes. The danger of absorbing all the native States within our frontiers was tested by the mutiny and rebellion of 1857. The strength we derived from the existence of friendly neighbouring Powers within the circumference of struggle was then clearly proved. This it was which perhaps most tended to turn men's minds back from that dazzling and alluring bait hung out by Lord Dalhousie's dogma as to our duty to omit no legitimate opportunity of incorporating with our own the kingdoms of such of our native allies as might happen to die without heirs. Though this doctrine was in terms limited to "legitimate" opportunities, experience soon showed that each individual case as it arose was made to fit the Procrustean bed prepared for it. Mysore offered, no doubt, a sad temptation—a glance at the map will suffice to convince the most sceptical of that; and the credit due to Lord Cranborne for resisting it is doubtless great in proportion, especially as he found himself beset and surrounded by difficulties cast in his way by the action of his immediate predecessor. But there is a wide gulf fixed between the old cases of annexation and the case of Mysore. In the interval we have passed through the great struggle of 1857; the Queen's Proclamation has become the Magna Charta of the natives of India; and Lord Canning's Adoption Despatch has pledged us to a policy from which we cannot now recede without dishonour, and a certainty, at some time or other, of retribution. Whether, indeed, we have gone far enough; whether the question has, after all, been dealt with on its true issues; whether it might not have been in the end a more far-sighted and an honest policy to have acknowledged the binding force of public treaties, instead of granting a succession as a mere matter of grace and favour; whether it is now too late to place our decision and our action on a footing more sound and satisfactory, may be moot points on which it is not now our intention to touch. We feel that the bare declaration of our intention not to annex Mysore on the death of the present Rajah is of itself an enormous gain to the cause of national character and good faith, and we were fain to hope that as such it would have been universally accepted. But, as is ever the case, *surgit amari aliquid* to dash our expectations—in the present instance in the shape of a howl from the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*. Here it is. We give the passage in full:—

I have space only to chronicle the fact that Lord Cranborne's act in promising to make over the four millions of Mysore to a boy whose rule can never be made better than that of other native chiefs—that is, will be as bad as the Bourbons of Naples or Spain—has been received here with profound regret, and in some cases indignation. Again has the Viceroy been so humiliated in the eyes of all India that some have advised his resignation. The act is equivalent to the restoration of slavery in the West India colonies. If the English public knew one-hundredth part of the horrible oppression inseparable from the rule of an idolatrous Hindoo or sensual Mussulman, they would have protested against what is here denounced as Lord Cranborne's political cowardice. The sooner we have a strong Ministry to prevent such acts the better. You will now be deluged with all sorts of claims, the natural result of conceding which would be that we should abandon India to the anarchy from which we rescued it a century ago, and which we alone keep down. When Lord Cranborne assigned the imaginary discontent of our feudatories as a reason for his folly, he did much to provoke a future rebellion. Such are the views, with a few exceptions, of the more thoughtful men on the spot. Lord Stanley should have checked his late colleague, for he knows well the evil involved in such an act, required by no treaty, contrary to all our policy, provocative of barbarism, and a gross wrong to the four millions who have grown up for thirty-four years under our rule. No education but Christian principle, or a miracle, will make the child whom

the Rajah adopted better than Holkar, who mutilates his tenantry, carries off their wives, and rack rents their holdings till they desert them, or the Guicowar, who ties his enemies to the feet of an elephant to be trampled to death, or to the Sultan of Cashmere, who grinds his people—our people, Her Majesty's subjects—to the dust, derives a large revenue from prostitutes, keeps out English doctors and civilians, and keeps in his miserable tenantry who would fain flee to our protection.

The language of this elegant extract, in its airy exaggeration, betrays the ill temper and disappointment of defeat. It is not too much to say that from first to last the whole statement is a tissue of misrepresentations and fallacies. It has reached England too late to be mischievous; but nothing can be more disingenuous, and at the same time more calculated to confuse and mislead, than such an attempt as this to foist upon the public here, as the deliberate judgment of the Indian public, the individual prejudices of the Correspondent. It goes down with the uninitiated and the superficial, and long before its contradiction can reach us from India the matter has become stale and of no interest. If we may accept the opinions of the best class of Indian journals—excepting always the *Friend of India*, whose annexation proclivities are notorious—as a fair criterion of the feelings of the public of India, European and native, on the Mysore question, certainly “Lord Cranborne’s act,” so far from being received with “profound regret” and “indignation,” has been most cordially endorsed. Lord Cranborne has not, as the Correspondent of the *Times* misrepresents him, promised to “make over the four millions of Mysore to a boy” whose rule cannot fail to be as infamous as that which the letter-writer paints. On the contrary, the part which the adopted son is hereafter to play in the administration of Mysore affairs is expressly made contingent upon the qualifications for good government which he may prove himself to possess when he shall, by attaining his majority, have made this question ripe for deliberation and decision. But, in truth, no one has ever dreamt of handing back the millions of Mysore to the chances of native misrule. We have long since accustomed the natives of Mysore to our own formularies and procedure in revenue and judicial matters; we have introduced our penal code, and our codes of civil and criminal procedure, our annual Budgets and Reports, our system of finance and public works; and long before the Rajah’s adopted son shall have come of age the people of Mysore will have become as thoroughly familiar with, and accustomed to, the system and principles of our administration as ever their forefathers were to that which prevailed before the times of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib. Unquestionably the welfare of the people is of as grave importance as the maintenance of our good faith towards their ruler. It is well known that the present Rajah, far from intending or wishing to revert to any native system of rule, would have been perfectly content to allow our system of administration to remain as it is, and in the hands of our present administrators, the change being merely nominal, if the English Government had seen fit to listen to his request that his kingdom might be restored to him before he died. The best native Governments in India are now busy in introducing the best parts of our system, and adapting their own to it, as far as circumstances will permit; and we feel confident that we should be, even in their opinion, committing a grave error were we ever to give back Mysore to its sovereign with liberty, *par et simple*, to overthrow what we have done, and to introduce whatever form of government he pleased. We have at this moment before us a letter from one of the most enlightened native princes of India, who thus expresses his opinion on Mysore. “If the British Government,” he writes, “will educate the adopted prince of Mysore, and will give the State a regular Constitution” (the italics are his, not ours) “when restoring it to native rule, I am sure it will have as good a government as it can have, while the moral effect of such a measure among princes and people all over India will be of the happiest nature.” In these sensible remarks we entirely agree; and probably no one knows better than the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times* that there is not the remotest chance of any such contingency arising from what he designates Lord Cranborne’s “political cowardice,” as that with which he would fain frighten the English public. The people of Mysore run no risk of ever being handed over to “the horrible oppression inseparable from the rule of an idolatrous Hindoo or sensual Mussulman.” The act is not “equivalent to the restoration of slavery in the West Indies.” We are not about to “abandon India to the anarchy from which we rescued it a century ago.” Lord Cranborne has not done “much to provoke a future rebellion.” His “folly” is not “contrary to all our policy,” “provocative of barbarism,” “a gross wrong to four millions.” The very reverse of all this angry declamation androdomontade would be a truer description of Lord Cranborne’s policy. The fallacy of the Calcutta writer is transparent; his artifice is well-nigh worn out in controversial writings. He takes the case of a native State, governed under purely native forms and by a purely native administration, under a barbarous or but half-educated native prince; he draws a dreadful picture, which may be more or less accurate, of the evils to which the population at large is exposed in such circumstances; and this, he says, is what must be the future condition of Mysore, unless indeed “Christian education,” or the interposition of a special Providence in the shape of a “miracle,” shall convert the Rajah of Mysore’s infant son from a filthy sensualist and cruel tyrant into a temperate and just ruler of his people. It suits the purpose of the writer to confine his illustrations to the territories and persons of Holkar and the Guicowar; but it is manifest that if the finger can be put upon other native princes who are conspicuous examples of what

education—albeit not “Christian,” and without any miracle—can do for the native potentate, and if we can point to a State excellently administered under such a ruler, the sting is taken out of the writer’s argument. Fate will not necessarily compel the young Rajah of Mysore to turn out a bestial despot, or prevent the possibility of a wise and successful administration of the kingdom at his hands, even if it were ever intended, which it is not, to leave the form and mode of government purely to his own choice.

We wonder why it never occurred to the *Times’* Calcutta Correspondent to turn to the columns of the *Friend of India*—as open, we suppose, to him as to any one else in Calcutta—in which the administration of the purely native Kingdom of Travancore has been most favourably reviewed. Here he would at once have been furnished with a pregnant and striking example of what education can do and has done for native princes, and of the fashion in which a native kingdom can, under the guidance and auspices of such a ruler and his equally enlightened Minister, be won back from anarchy to good order, its revenues brought up from a state of chronic deficit to an annually increasing normal surplus, not by extortion or oppression, but by following out the soundest dictates of political economy; and its population thriving, happy, and contented. We are not speaking without book, or indulging in a merely imaginary picture for the sake of argument. It is not more than twenty years since the Government of Madras felt itself constrained to warn the then ruler of Travancore that, unless a better system of administration were introduced by him, his kingdom would be taken away. Some years after this, one of the most distinguished scholars produced by the Madras High School—now Sir Madowa Row, and Dewan of Travancore—was invited to undertake the education of the two young princes, the elder of whom is the reigning Maharajah, and the younger the first prince and heir presumptive to the throne. These princes, in accomplishments, learning, and general character, are quite on a par with the most intellectual and polished of our English nobility and gentry. As soon as their education was completed, Madowa Row was employed under his Sovereign in high offices of State, until he has for some years held the highest post which a native can fill in a native State, that of Prime Minister. Under such auspices a thorough reform was commenced in every department of the State; and we are able to judge of the progress which has been made by the annual Reports published by the Dewan from the year 1862–3 up to the present date. Some of these are now lying before us, and they one and all evince a thorough appreciation of the principles of good government; they are drawn up in excellent idiomatic English, and with a modesty and moderation which render them models of State papers. That for the year 1862–3 treats, under separate heads, the several subjects of civil and criminal justice, police, land revenue, customs, education, public works, finance, &c. It contains 288 paragraphs, appendices, and tabular statistical returns, supporting the statements in the text. All matters are handled with a breadth and depth of thought which show that the sciences of political administration and political economy have been thoroughly mastered by those who now direct the fortunes of Travancore.

Similar causes produce similar effects; and we ask why may not that which has been effected in Travancore be repeated in Mysore? Nay, the task is far easier in the latter than the former State, for in Travancore everything has had to be remodelled and reformed by the native ruler, while in Mysore we have already ourselves established principles and procedure which have resulted in an overflowing treasury and a contented population. The simple truth is that good faith, duty, and policy all point to our obligation to insist on the sound practical education of the youthful heir of Mysore. It is of course possible that the ground may be so rocky and barren that we may sow our best seed in vain. Of that we at present know nothing. Time will show what are the capacity and character of the Rajah’s adopted son. But our course is clear, and if we follow it out honestly and manfully we shall be sure to reconcile expediency and justice.

We should not have entered at this length upon the question of Mysore had it not appeared to us desirable to disabuse the public mind of any false impressions which such writing as that of the *Times’* Correspondent may possibly have produced. In India, when his statements shall have in the course of time become public, they will create neither “regret” nor “indignation.” The quality of his roar is there appreciated at its just value. Familiarity has deprived his voice of its terrors. His increasing audacity of asseveration renders it, however, expedient that he should no longer be under any mistake as to the character of the silence with which his communications are ordinarily received in England.

UNPAID MAGISTRATES.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has resumed his conversations with himself under the assumed title of Arminius, and fallen foul of the British institution of an unpaid magistracy. English people are so much accustomed to the system that Mr. Arnold’s attack on it will probably strike many a country gentleman as singularly profane. The squires of English rural districts, and the successful tradesmen of English towns enjoy an almost prescriptive right of dispensing what they believe to be justice to the lower orders; and in laying his unhallowed hand on this privilege, Mr. Arnold must expect to be regarded as a sort of modern Uzziah. No magnate of

petty or quarter sessions would be inclined, as a rule, to acquiesce in the view that his proceedings were susceptible of amendment, far less in the view that he himself amounts to a species of standing abuse. Yet there are serious objections to the institution of an unpaid magistracy, as it exists at present, and some of the pleasant remarks of Mr. Arnold, dressed in the short blue coat and smoking the pipe of Arminius, approach rather to truisms than to paradoxes. In the abstract the plan of entrusting the administration of justice to ordinary English gentlemen without insisting on their previous instruction in even the rudiments of law, seems of course indefensible. In practice it works better no doubt than Arminius would imagine, but still a system so indefensible in theory is not altogether unimpeachable in its actual results. The stock argument in its favour is no doubt that it is desirable to make the noblemen and the gentlemen of a district or a county take an interest in the government of their own neighbourhood, and the judicial incapacity of English mayors may be vindicated by a similar train of reasoning. A fallacy lurks at the bottom of this apology. The administration of local affairs may mean either the management of pure matters of business, in which case no one proposes to interfere with the prerogative of Lord Lumpington, the Rev. Esau Hittall, and Bottles, Esq.—certainly not to interfere with it by any sweeping legislative changes. Or it may include the dispensation of local justice, in which case it is impossible to see why this should be a necessary part of the life of country gentlemen. Granting that it ought, it still would remain a serious question, why on earth a minimum of legal knowledge ought not to be required from every country gentleman who takes his seat upon his sessions bench. The inconvenience that the exaction of this intellectual fine might cause to the country gentlemen themselves strikes us as the only possible argument to be adduced against its imposition. The greatest imaginable respect for their convenience is hardly sufficient to make this argument go down. And indeed the political logic which is current on the subject of the compound householder is capable of application to the subject of Lord Lumpington and Sir Esau Hittall. A little "barrier of obstruction" between the squire and the bench will "serve to test" the sincerity and competency of the crowd who claim to be admitted as a right. It will serve as a sort of winnowing-machine to separate the good squires from the bad, and will exclude from the magistracy such persons only as ought to be excluded. If personal rating is a bulwark of the Constitution, personal instruction may fairly be made a *sine quâ non* of magisterial honours, and Arminius is right in holding that it does not lie in the mouths of those to insist on the preliminary self-education of the voter who object, on some sort of vague constitutional principle, to the compulsory education of the judge.

It is clear that the ordinary run of English gentlemen who sit on the bench at petty and at quarter sessions have never undergone any substantial legal discipline at all. Now and then the petty sessions of a district fall into the hands of some opulent attorney who has retired into the country and set up an estate, or of a briefless barrister who has come into a fortune. Whenever this happens, it is a happy accident, and an exception to the rule. In general the court is composed indiscriminately of less experienced personages, whose intentions to deal out strict justice are unquestionable, and at times successful. The same criticism holds good (though not to the same extent) of quarter sessions. The presiding genius of quarter sessions is ordinarily chosen with some little regard to his intelligence. Some courts of quarter sessions are remarkable for having at their head chairmen of real legal attainments, as well as of character and position. But, on the other hand, there is no guarantee against the court being directed by less experienced guides; and it continually happens that the tribunals so constituted are wholly unfitted to deal with the pure questions of law, and the mixed questions of law and fact, that come before them. Englishmen endure the anomaly because they are accustomed to it, and because they are not personally acquainted with the evils that flow from the system. That evils do flow from it is certain; and what these evils are should be fully understood.

The judicial business which unpaid magistrates discharge in England is either of a civil or a criminal kind. The civil portion of it often involves the consideration of precedents, of legal definitions and distinctions, and the interpretation of obscure or badly-worded Acts of Parliament. It seems a truism to say that a lawyer is the proper person to be entrusted with work of the sort, and that the most careful and laborious country gentleman cannot be the right man to preside at the investigation. The attempt to save money to the country by the plan of using unpaid magistrates to do rough justice is in the end by no means an economy. Rough justice, where there is a possibility of appeal to a competent superior tribunal, is dear justice. When there is no appeal, it is clearly injustice under a less disagreeable name. In criminal inquiries the evils of an unpaid magistracy become still more serious. The legal enormities perpetrated occasionally at petty sessions find their way at times into the papers. Quarter sessions are not often so unfortunate. The zeal of the English country gentleman, if not always according to knowledge, is at all events moderated at quarter sessions by the stupidity of the jury of farmers to whom the law commits the responsibility of the verdict; and where rough justice is done, it is seldom on a thoroughly startling scale. Still, even in the criminal work of quarter sessions, there is a great deal of room for reformation. It is particularly important, in the

administration of criminal law, that the presiding judge or magistrate should not be destitute of legal acquirements, for the following reason. The English criminal law is framed upon the assumption that judges are learned men. For the English criminal law, unlike the criminal law of many countries, does not acknowledge the right of the culprit to appeal from the decision of his judges, either on questions of law or of fact. Their view of the law is taken as final, unless indeed they choose themselves to refer what they deem doubtful to the consideration of the court above. The court to which they refer their difficulties, in conformity with this principle, is not even styled a court of appeal. It is a court for the consideration of reserved cases on which the inferior tribunal wishes to take the opinion of the superior. This quasi-appeal is not a matter of right but of indulgence. If the presiding judge declines at the trial to entertain a scruple as to the correctness of his own ruling, no further steps can be taken, for it is unnecessary for the purposes of our argument to take into account the exceptional cases where the defect in the proceedings appears on the record. As far as the ordinary criminal is concerned, the presiding judge is infallible as long as he chooses to consider himself so, and his judgment cannot be reversed except after permission obtained from himself. To entrust the privilege of infallibility to a judge of experience and learning, whose life has been passed in the hearing of evidence and the discussion of law points, is not perhaps a hazardous step. But to clothe with this privilege a country gentleman who has never studied law at all, and who knows as little of the law of evidence as the presiding officer of a court-martial, is a very different thing. It may be said that an honest man, however ignorant, will always be ready to give the prisoner the benefit of a doubt, and to reserve for the court above every question where the shadow of a doubt can arise. In theory this is true enough, but in practice it is not so. Some of the most formidable difficulties, difficulties of substantial and of technical importance, are the very difficulties of which a non-professional lawyer is least able to judge. He sees no doubt at all, and cannot comprehend why anybody else should see one. Nothing is more dependent on legal training than the power to understand that a doubt exists. It is not an exaggeration to say that three-fourths of those of us who are not lawyers, in nine cases out of ten, will not only construe an Act of Parliament wrong, but feel the sublimest incapacity to conceive of any other interpretation being put upon it. Honesty of purpose is therefore a very poor safeguard against the abuses of judicial infallibility. And there are plenty of other reasons why none but the most accomplished and experienced judges should be infallible. The exercise of judicial functions requires a long practice of the habits of impartiality. It is not easy to sit by and listen to a trial without becoming unconsciously a partisan. If this is the case with a casual spectator, still more so is it the case with a judge. He is continually called on to decide between contending counsel; he has to check their law, and perhaps to combat their arguments. Small collisions between the Bench and the Bar may occur every other five minutes of a trial, and insensibly before the close of it these repeated collisions produce an effect on the temper of an unpractised court. After finding out that three of the technical objections taken by an advocate are invalid, country gentlemen will not listen with equanimity to a fourth, but decide upon it without hearing it. A judge never does this; or at any rate the best judges are free from the weakness. They will listen to a hundred objections if the counsel engaged thinks it worth while urging them; and when he has urged them, long practice enables them to say with confidence whether the point he has taken is clear against him or is not clear. If not clear against him, and it becomes necessary in the event to have it settled, it is invariably reserved. Nothing like this even tenor of justice is discernible at an ordinary quarter sessions. The Bench only half understand the counsel, who in his turn finds that he is speaking Greek to them half the time that he is talking. If, in the long run, justice is usually done, it is done rather by good fortune than by anything else. The recent proceedings against Mr. Eyre are a fit instance of the difficulties with which persons in search of justice, before country gentlemen who are not lawyers, have to contend. Whether substantial justice or not was done in the end is a controverted point which we do not desire to reopen, but it is tolerably certain that Sir Baldwin Leighton and his assessors were about as competent to try a question of important law and fact as Lieutenant Brand or Colonel Nelson themselves would be.

A still more serious objection to an unpaid magistracy is that, as a rule, they represent one class in social life, and administer justice to another class exclusively below them. It is impossible to regard Lord Lumpington and the Rev. Esau Hittall as purely public functionaries. They are, *tout bonnement*, the squire and the parson, and nothing more. And the class which figures in the dock regards them in their true light. No poacher ever dreams of confounding the squire with a real judge. He looks on him as his natural master, who lords it over him out of doors at cover-shooting, and who is now again lording it over him in court. And there is some truth in the view. It is impossible for a class to act in a strictly judicial manner towards a class below it. All class justice is usually a mistake. Masters cannot be trusted to dispense it to servants any more than Trades' Unions could be trusted to deal it out to employers. The best and soundest plan is to have magistrates who cannot be accused of representing any class at all, and who simply represent the law and the State. No very startling changes are required to amend the present system. A paid magistracy is probably the

best magistracy of all, especially in our own country, where long habit has made judicial functionaries completely independent of, and little disposed to be subservient to, political party. But at any rate let compulsory education be imposed on all gentlemen, whatever their station in life, who undertake judicial functions. No one who has not studied the law ought to lay down the law. This really seems the purest common sense. But we are afraid half the country gentlemen of England will think it a paradox, if not a profanity. The principle, however, is indisputable. Sooner or later such a reform must come, and it is desirable to effect it before the reform becomes a subject for parties to fight over, or for demagogues to agitate about.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON THE WAR OF 1866.

IT would be but affectation to pretend ignorance of the source to which we owe the Prussian account of last year's operations just published in the *Edinburgh Review*. A narrative which "rests on the authority of officers who were actively engaged in the preparation or conduct of the campaign;" which aims at giving "a more accurate and novel picture of the principal events of the war than the dazzling outline traced by the writer" [Lieutenant Hozier]; "who followed one of the divisions of the victorious army;" which laments that that able Correspondent did not choose to accompany the Crown Prince rather than his royal cousin; and which takes the Second Army as the central figure, making those of Prince Frederic Charles and General Herwarth play subordinate parts, must needs be presumed to emanate from some one on the staff of the Crown Prince. When we add that this anonymous writer is confessedly acquainted with the most intimate details of the correspondence between the Prince and the King, with the positions personally occupied by the former from hour to hour, and even with the effect on his mind of each fresh piece of intelligence, we can but conclude that he is either inspired by, or identical with, the future heir of Prussia and late commander of the Second Army. Such contributions to military history as the narratives of generals in command are of the highest value when rightly used. At the same time it must be remembered that the overwhelming attraction of military fame, and the difficulty of looking fairly at what opponents and rivals have done, make it almost impossible that they should be unbiassed by personal considerations. Retirement, reflection, separation by long years from the heat and passion of the time, are necessary for the production of a perfectly critical history by any of its chief actors. No modern commander, indeed, except the Archduke Charles, writing under these conditions, has succeeded in the attempt faithfully to portray his own conduct in the course of a complicated campaign. The *Memoirs of Napoleon* are a standing instance of genius misused in perverting historical facts from personal motives.

We confess to some surprise that the writer of this able narrative has not taken more pains to ascertain the truth as to the earlier movements of Benedek. His account represents the position of the Austrians in May as being along the Bohemian lines of railroad, and implies that he follows closely the work of Rüstow, which is referred to here and there, but which appeared so rapidly on the heels of the events of the war as to render it an unsound guide on any doubtful question. Of this statement an Austrian critic has recently said:—"Rüstow will have it that the Austrian plan was an offensive one, and that the Austrian army was concentrated between Prague and Pardubitz. Everybody in Austria knows that the Austrian army was concentrated on the Olmütz-Cracow line, and only the 1st Corps and 1st Light Cavalry Division detached in Bohemia." As the *Edinburgh Reviewer* has fallen into the error of his guide, the reasoning he bases on it as to Benedek's supposed change of front is out of place, although there is no doubt of the correctness of his assertion that the Austrian chief found his strategy controlled by the diplomatic consideration of deference to Bavarian wishes, or, as others allege, to European opinion, which had frowned severely on Austrian aggression in 1859. What is more important in the opening remarks is the information—here for the first time recorded—of the King's personal aversion to the risks of a great war, and his fear of a defeat. Urged on as he was to the great venture, he had not the same faith, it seems, as his Ministers in the power of the new weapons and organization of his army; and at first his intention was to act a defensive part and await his enemy on Prussian soil.

The secret causes of the sudden abandonment of this design for the boldest possible offensive strategy are not yet to be known. "Time must elapse," we are told, "before the world becomes fully acquainted with them. It is sufficient for the writer's present purpose to notice the facts." As he goes on, correctly enough, to state, the occupation of Saxony produced the movement of Benedek into Bohemia. This movement, we believe, was first accurately described (out of Austria) in our pages, and it is here only necessary to say that it is an error to speak of it as "marching back again"; and that a comparison of dates and distances will show that the Austrian general does not deserve the *Reviewer's* other charge of making it "leisurely," for the marching was in reality severe. The next reproach of his opponent by the writer lies in Benedek's not having at once strengthened Clam-Gallas's wing; but to this he himself replies when he says that "it is inexplicable unless

we suppose the Austrians still to have believed in a Prussian advance into Austrian Silesia." There is no doubt that the possibility of such a movement, throwing as it would 100,000 men upon his communications with Vienna, influenced Benedek powerfully. As we showed in the article just referred to, the idea was not wholly abandoned by him until the night of the 26th of June; nor is this to be wondered at, since we are told by our narrator that "a feint was made south of Neisse by the 6th Corps at the last moment." Such a movement could have had no object whatever but to keep Benedek alarmed for his right flank and for the communications which it covered.

From criticizing the Austrians the writer proceeds to the more special object of his task—the comparison of the work allotted to the two great Prussian armies, and the style of its performance. Gitschin, the point fixed on for their junction, lay nearer, it is remarked, to Prince Frederic Charles at Görlitz than to the Crown Prince at Neisse. It is added that the Prussians knew that the enemy's smaller army would oppose the former, his main body the latter; and that, therefore, their only chance lay in throwing Prince Frederic Charles rapidly forward towards Gitschin upon Clam-Gallas and the Saxons, so as, by disabling them and pressing them back without respite, to disengage the Crown Prince from the dangerous passes he had to traverse. An elaborate comparison is then drawn between the systems adopted by the royal commanders on their several paths, that of Prince Frederic Charles being condemned with some severity as slow and over-cautious for the circumstances, and altogether inferior to his cousin's. We have no wish to champion the one general against the other, yet, in the interest of truth, we cannot forbear from making some remarks on this *ex parte* view. The writer himself gives the distance from Görlitz to Gitschin at sixty miles. Now, whatever day the invasion was determined on (the 19th is here named as that of the orders for it), all the Prussian writers agree that the columns of the First and Elbe armies were not ready to cross the frontier until the 23rd. On the evening of the 29th they were at Gitschin, having thus travelled at the rate of nearly ten miles a day, and forced back the opposing Austrian wing with great loss from two strong positions. Surely there is no great cause for censure here. Nor is it fair to compare, as the writer does, the Crown Prince's distance from Neisse to Gitschin with that so traversed by his cousin, inasmuch as his real starting-point was not Neisse but Glatz, and his real point of junction was not Gitschin but Königinhof; so that his head-quarters had only fifty, and not eighty, miles to pass over. As to the general question of "the extraordinary circumspection" with which Prince Frederic Charles advanced, it must be confessed that the report of Clam-Gallas certainly shows that the pursuit of the Prussians, after their successes of the 26th and 27th, was by no means severely pressed. On the other hand, it appears by the same report that, on the 28th, Benedek (ignorant then of the disasters that day impending over Gablenz and Leopold) had formed the design of throwing the whole bulk of his army to support the left wing, and drive back the enemy on the Iser. That this project was actually contemplated is the best justification of the Prussian caution on that side.

These remarks need not detract from our admiration of the undoubted vigour with which the Crown Prince executed his part of the general plan of Von Moltke. The events of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of June around Josephstadt are narrated with singular clearness and justice in the paper on which we are commenting; and no future history of the campaign can be complete without reference to it, and to the personal exertions of the commander of the Second Army. The disaster of Bonin is not palliated in the least; nor do we envy that general's feelings when this account appears, as no doubt it will, in Germany, and proves the Trautemann defeat to be due strictly to the "strange infatuation" which caused him to refuse all help and to post his reserves where he could make no use of them. The Prince's obligations to Steinmetz are candidly acknowledged, and an explanation is given of the reasons which called the former away from the Nachod-Glatz road on the 28th, and left the full glory of the fight of that day to his veteran lieutenant. As is natural, however, the writer dwells more on the details of the severe affair with Ramming which had preceded it, when something like a panic is acknowledged to have been the first result of the sudden collision which took place between the Austrians and the advance of Steinmetz's corps. "The Crown Prince himself, entangled in the whirl, was for a moment unable to extricate himself from the mass of dismounted dragoons, loose horses, infantry columns, artillery and ammunition waggons, mingling with each other in the narrow and steep pass." The account of the gradual restoration of affairs by the Crown Prince's exertions is not only clear and graphic, but agrees remarkably well with that of Ramming; yet the Prussian narrative, though dwelling strongly on the vain efforts of the Austrians to turn their enemy's right, and on the enormous disproportion of their loss, does not lay the same stress as that of the beaten general on the fatal superiority which the needle-gun here for the first time showed beyond all dispute, nor on the futility of the bold tactics which Benedek had insisted on as the nostrum wherewith to meet it.

Concerning the great battle which practically ended the war, the narrative adds some important particulars to our former knowledge. It is true that here, as in the opening remarks on the strategy of the campaign, Austrian details are taken chiefly from Prussian information, and are therefore neither completely nor accurately given; but as to the movements of the Prussians, their official reports had told merely the drier facts, without dis-

closing, as is now done for us, the springs of action. If the writer be correct in his views, the early advance of Prince Frederic Charles was a grave error, which exposed him to the imminent peril of being separately beaten before the arrival of the Crown Prince, and was consequent on false intelligence inducing the belief that Benedek had only three of his corps on the ground. "Not three corps, but the whole of the Austrian army, lay entrenched in front of Königgrätz; and nothing seemed more likely than that the overwhelming superiority of Benedek would drive back the First Army before the Second could come to its assistance, unless Prince Frederic Charles should postpone his attack to a later hour. He believed the Austrians had begun to retreat, and gave orders for the passage of the Bistritz, fearing lest the retiring enemy should retreat without a battle." The obstinacy of the courage of his army and Herwarth's, it is added, was the cause of the Austrians' defeat. On the other hand, those who take a different view may reasonably ask how Benedek could have expected, even if he repulsed the attack on the Bistritz, to use his advantage. Had he pushed forward he would have left his rear, as well as his right flank, exposed to the tremendous attack of the 100,000 Prussians who were approaching from the north.

This brings us to two most interesting questions without the solution of which the real history of the battle of Königgrätz cannot be complete. They are these. Why did Benedek choose to turn to bay in a position admitted to be so much inferior to that which lay near it behind the Elbe? Why, having decided to do so, did he make so little preparation for the Crown Prince's attack, and allow his whole line to be drawn into action near the Bistritz at the time of the Second Army's approach to his flank? As to the first, one critic of our own country who was there will have it that there was not time for the Austrians to cross the river, so that the Sadowa position was taken up of necessity. This notion does not accord with the facts lately published by the Austrians as to the positions of their corps on the 1st and 2nd of July. The writer in the *Edinburgh* (bearing in mind, no doubt, the impulsive, meddlesome temper of the Kaiser) suggests that Benedek had orders to assume the offensive, and that he chose the middle course of taking one stride in advance of the Elbe and there entrenching; nor can we resist the belief that only some personal reason can account for his position on the fatal 3rd of July. For the second answer required we find little help in the paper now examined. That Fransecky and Horn, on Prince Frederic Charles's left, did their part nobly, and held a large number of the Austrians engaged throughout the morning, is sufficient to account for Benedek's paying that portion of the field particular attention; but not to explain why he allowed his right flank to remain entirely *en Pair* until warned (as we have lately learnt), from Josephstadt, that the enemy were falling upon it with overwhelming force.

The Reviewer glances over the rest of the war in Austria with extreme brevity, and turns from it to make some remarks on the campaign in Western Germany. What is said of the Hanoverians and their capitulation bears the impress of thorough knowledge of the details, and clear insight into the motives of the actors. Not so with Vogel's subsequent operations, the account of which might well have been omitted. It is concentrated into a mere abstract; and this, being hastily written, appears to do less than justice to the Bavarians, and to be far too favourable to the 8th Federal Corps, which, though nominally under the same commander, fell away from its allies as soon as the news of the battle of Königgrätz reached Frankfurt. This intelligence it was, rather than the strategy of Vogel, which defeated the combination of his opponents, and left him the good fortune of dealing separately with them at Kissingen and Aschaffenburg. Nor can any notice of this strange campaign be worthy of the name which omits all mention of the disobedient, if not treacherous, conduct of the prince who commanded the contingent of Baden. It is not for this addition, but for his narrative of the bold advance into Bohemia, and especially for the personal details regarding the Second Army, that our thanks are due to the Reviewer.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

NOW that the Bill of Sir C. O'Loughlen for amending the law of libel has come out of Committee, it will probably begin to attract the attention which members ought to have bestowed on it before it went into Committee. Otherwise we shall be the victims of a revolution which it will be easy to deplore but impossible to annul. At present the law of the land fully recognises the great mischief which must inevitably result from the impunity of attacks on private character, and does its best to punish them. In doing this it is not insensible to the virtues of a free press, or to the merits of free discussion. But it especially and emphatically guards against the wicked ingenuity which perverts a matter of public policy into an instrument or an excuse for assailing the conduct of individuals. It defines, rigorously but equitably, the lines which bound the domains of private and public censure. The license of Parliamentary and forensic debate has sanctioned the harmless application to public and official conduct of language which could not be uttered against personal conduct without leaving a deep and ignominious stain. Formerly this usage was more common and less startling than it is now. The imputations, not only of folly or shortsightedness or incapacity, but of profligate corruption, of the most venal iniquity, of the most degraded turpitude, with which Walpole was assailed in

one generation and North in another, would not perhaps be allowed, certainly would not be approved, by a modern House of Commons. But in the days when philippics, conveying these and other charges in the coarsest terms, were greeted with the clamorous applause of Opposition patriots, the objects of such virulence suffered neither in the estimation of themselves nor of their friends. They were venal, profligate, treacherous, and corrupt beyond precedent; but only in a Parliamentary sense. Nor, if even darker imputations were suggested by a Parliamentary antagonist, did they stick the more. They were heard only by a few, and out of that small circle they were unknown. The speeches in which they were launched never saw the world in their original form, and a scurrility which vulgar malice would only have been too happy to foster perished within the precincts of its birth. When the Press invaded the domain of privilege, and Parliament tacitly yielded that which it found itself impotent to refuse, the law threw over private character a security which it refused to official position. Whatever interpretations or amendments it received were all as adverse to the scurrility of personal malice as they were favourable to the unrestrained discussion of public measures. The public opponent within Parliament was a chartered libertine, free to give his worst of thoughts the worst of words. But if these words reflected on the personal character of another, if they tended to degrade him in the opinion of the world, the journalist perpetuated them at his own risk. The newspaper which reproduced a libel uttered in Parliament was as obnoxious to punishment as the unprivileged utterer of it out of Parliament. Opinions might be divided, passions might glow, and parties rage on public matters, but private conduct and personal character were shielded by the regis of the law from the envenomed weapons of the satirist and lampooner.

When, in deference to a growing sentiment, the protection which had been equally vouchsafed to the rogue and the honest man was finally removed, and it became competent for a public writer to justify his attacks on private character by showing that it was for the public interests to unmask hypocrisy and expose immorality, the new liberty was trammelled by many limitations and conditions. It might be, indeed, necessary at times to drag from obscurity some person whose hypocrisy or dishonesty or profligacy was doing a severe injury to public morals or public decency; but then, in such a case, the necessity or the expediency of such an exposure must be clearly substantiated, and the suspicion of private malice distinctly negatived. This, too, was well. People felt that, however much righteous indignation might be kindled by the obscure wickedness of an undetected villain, and however beneficial it might be to hurl the censure of mankind upon it, righteous indignation might be cleverly imitated by unscrupulous malignity, and the exposure of villainy might be made the pretext for the disgrace of an enemy. They felt too the full meaning of the *littera scripta manet*. The winged words might carry with them momentary confusion and dismay, but the recorded speech or written comment left the rankling wound. A man might be galled, irritated, incensed by the false or exaggerated inventions of a political enemy, but the injury and the irritation died almost simultaneously with the offence. It was quite different when the pen of the reporter or the journalist had fixed the cutting jibe or acrimonious taunt in perennial type. Henceforward there could be neither oblivion for the public nor repose for the denounced. There, in columns always accessible and always producible, stood the undying record of slander and malignity. There was the pungent nickname at which the mob had laughed and shouted; there was the inuendo which had sent a thrill through the applauding multitude; there was the doggerel parody which, difficult to be forgotten by any who had once heard it, was now sure to be remembered by all who cared to read it. For ten or twenty years the festering epithet would stick to the worried victim; for ten or twenty years the offensive doggerel would be chanted in his ears on market-days or sessions-days; and, whenever a public meeting demanded his attendance, the odious inuendo would dog his steps and mar his faltering speech. To an honest man and an innocent man, who was also a sensitive man, such martyrdom would be intolerable. Even to a man not over-sensitive, but conscious of his own rectitude, it would be monstrously unjust. The law, therefore, wisely and justly threw on the journalist who reproduced and perpetuated the terrible scandal the responsibility of the mischief which it might occasion. It made the newspaper as liable for the record as the original speaker was for the utterance of a libel. In this way it prevented the infliction of boundless pain and the gratification of insatiable malice. Respectable journals found it necessary to be represented at public meetings by cautious reporters, who would know how to deprive the rabid invective of its virus and the insidious inuendo of its sting. Neighbours and enemies and candid friends might gloat over the mysterious insinuation or the malignant epithet or the scurrilous doggerel at the time, but they would have no chance of refreshing their memories or their spite hereafter. The peace of families and the harmony of neighbourhoods and the self-respect of individuals were preserved by a discreet, cautious, and well-timed reticence. The most angry differences were reconciled and the most touchy susceptibilities were appeased by the silence and obscurity which buried the sallies of a too fervid partisanship or a too ambitious wit. The only persons who lost anything were the people whose amusement or whose advantage is supplied by the bickerings or the humiliation of their neighbours.

Now there is to be an end to all this. A wider license is to be

given to the most dangerous power of the press. If Sir C. O'Loughlen's Bill passes in its present form, every libel uttered on a platform or a hustings will be reproduced, diffused throughout the country, and immortalized. The penalty may be on the person who first gives it utterance; but this is only a chance. What is certain is that it will not rest on the newspaper in which it is embalmed. The consequences of this are obvious. Another trouble is added to life. A premium is given to the most offensive kind of reporting. The "spicy" report which hitherto has been confined to the precincts of Whitechapel and Clerkenwell Police Courts will now expatiate freely on every hustings or town hall of Great Britain. Wherever there is a vulgar fluent speaker, with no principles and some imagination, whose peculiar gift is to bedaub the people on the other side with some odious aspersion, some ridiculous epithet, or some malignant fabrication, there the talent will fructify a hundredfold. The sly allusion to imagined facts, the dexterous use of a damaging adjective, the unscrupulous reference to the sins and sufferings of other persons' ancestors, all these will afford pain and diversion, not only for the moment, but for a very long time after. The slanderer may be indicted or sued, but the reporting newspaper will go scot-free. On it will merely lie the onus of proving that it reported accurately and without malice, and the accuracy will be sufficient to prove the absence of malice. As for prosecuting the slanderer himself, the introducers of the Bill must have reckoned considerably on the innocence of the House of Commons if they expected this to be deemed an adequate safeguard against libels. What is the use of prosecuting a man of straw? And who is often the most successful and favourite libeller at municipal or Parliamentary elections but a man of straw? When the rich alderman is to be denounced on the Corn Exchange, or the rich squire in the Shire Hall, is the Hyperides of the situation a brother alderman or neighbour squire? A superficial acquaintance with county committees is sufficient to repel the notion that one member of a Town Council would venture to hint at the defalcations of his colleague's uncle, or that one territorial magnate would remind the Quirites of the little scandal about his neighbour's aunt. Those things cannot be spoken by the men for whose advantage they must be spoken, so somebody else must say them. And there is always a broken-down, seedy, reckless, insolvent vagabond, with a power of impudence and utterance, who for a consideration will tickle the ears of the groundlings and face the risk of prosecution. There he is, in all the unbridled shamelessness of debt and impecuniosity, ready to libel the squire, the mayor, or the vicar, or, it may be, their wives and daughters. The awkward little story about the age of a too famous racer, or the traditions of that lucrative contract for preserved dog's-meat, or the mysterious little baby at the vicarage—all these diverting fables, so well adapted to the taste of the borough or municipal voters, the provincial Hyperides has dug out and has at command for the occasion. Their intrinsic venom is not slight, but their permanence is due solely to the collusive aid of the *Mercury* or the *Guardian*. Henceforth, the *Guardian* and the *Mercury* are to enjoy impunity; while the process of the law is to issue against Hyperides, who never owned a house, and has never paid his landlady's or his laundress's bill. We say the newspapers are to enjoy impunity. For what do the obligations to which they are to be subjected in reality amount to? Of what use will they be to the defence of private character? What boots it that a man who has been made odious or ridiculous in the eyes of the world has the right to compel a newspaper to retract the falsehood which excites the odium or the ridicule? How many of those who read the original libel will read the subsequent retraction? If the story is a good story, it will stick, despite a hundred denials or apologies. It will have been read by a circle too wide and too ill-natured to be forgotten. Let any man who doubts this come forward as a candidate for any dignity, from that of Vestryman to that of M.P.—let him be pelted with abuse by the popular Pasquin of the place—let him see the scurrilities once transferred to print, and then let him recount what he gained by the apologies and explanations of the recording journal.

The other provisions of the Bill are similar in their mischief and their injustice. An indictment and a prosecution are to be made as difficult as they can be for the prosecutor, and as easy as possible for the defendant. In a word, the Bill is designed to make libelling an easy, if not a meritorious, proceeding; and altogether it opens a glorious prospect to the profession of provincial slanderers, who will now become more formidable than ever if they obtain what this Bill offers them—a nominal responsibility for libels, combined with the power of rendering them at least co-extensive with the lives of the unhappy victims they assail.

THE LEAGUERS AND THEIR MAY MEETING.

AMONG the incendiary topics which Mr. Bright urged with the greatest satisfaction at Birmingham on Easter Monday was the share which he had had in the winter agitation. He claimed credit for suggesting the London Demonstrations, and to the success of the Demonstrations he attributed the present hopeful state of the Reform question. Dispassionate people might cynically dispute the truth of either proposition. The Demonstrations have not been successes, and they have done more than anything else to disgust numbers of quiet people with the very name of Reform. At the present moment the Liberal party is a shattered and disorganized rout, without a leader, and with mutiny and

disaffection raging within its camp, and all because people do not like the arguments suggested by Mr. Bright's "innocent letter" of last year, and since that day urged by Mr. Beales and his colleague, Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Bright admits the Hyde Park riots, congratulates himself on the fact that his letter to Beales suggested them, and seems to look cheerily to a future wrecking of the Park and to destroying the iron railings again and again. He, in his "innocent letter," hinted that if the working-men of London would some day fill up Parliament Street in their search for a Reform Bill, they might haply find it. The advice was to do a thing absolutely and distinctly forbidden by law; but the Leaguers had the wit to see this, and to change the *venue*. As Mr. Bright says in his pleasing, chuckling way, they went to Hyde Park and found the railings rotten; a pleasant euphemistic description of a seditious row which disgraced England in the eyes of the civilized world. From this happy beginning Mr. Bright dates a series of imaginary triumphs, and he now congratulates himself that the cause is safe because it is, he thinks, in the hands of the mob, whose passions he has, through the League, been endeavouring to lash into fury. By-standers read our recent political history very differently. They admit the immense importance of the Hyde Park riots, and they have no hesitation to concede to Mr. Bright his claim to the merit of having instigated them. But Mr. Bright's first success was too complete. The League's initial victory ruined it in public confidence. The middle classes were at once alienated; and it is a remarkable fact that, in London and the environs, not one person distinguished for political knowledge or personal claims on public confidence has ever attended a League meeting. We beg pardon, there is Archdeacon Sandford; and we leave him to pair off with Mr. Bradlaugh. London has been well agitated for the last twelve months. Just as we have two opera-houses on alternate nights, so we have had Potter and the Working Men's Association, and Beales and the League, coming out with successive and almost rival demonstrations, and processions, and nocturnal meetings in Trafalgar Square from that hour to this. The very first of these Demonstrations—Potter's, to Walham Green—was no great success. At any rate it never paid its expenses, and has not yet been paid for—at least so we gather from the plaintive whine of the Editor of the *Beehive*, who inquires "whether, before the Trade Societies who took part in the first great Demonstration subscribe towards paying the expenses of another, it would not be more honourable to pay for the deficiency on the first?" Mr. Tidd Pratt's letter in yesterday's *Times* suggests some further curious and not unimportant reflections on the finance of Demonstrations. But the comparative failure of Potter's Demonstration was nothing to the absolute failure of Beales's procession to the Agricultural Hall. It is true that night after night 'Artwell has abused the aspirate, and Bradlaugh has abused everybody and everything from Good Friday down to paying of taxes; but Trafalgar Square has not even grown to the height of a nuisance. The very pick-pockets do not find the People's Parliaments important enough for their energies, which they wisely concentrate on confirmations or anything else that can gather together a couple of hundred decent people. To use the idiomatic language of one Mr. Osborne, a very perfervid Leaguer, "If you call the meetings in Trafalgar Square a success, God help you!"

This is the success which, in London at least, has attended the policy recommended by Mr. Bright, and so brilliantly executed in the riots of Hyde Park. The horse is as dead as Eclipse, but Mr. Bright is for still flogging away. The League and Beales and Bradlaugh having failed, more Beales and more Bradlaugh and more League is his Birmingham prescription. "Let Mr. Beales and his friends in London, by great meetings, the greater the better," do that which they have certainly not done, recommend the ballot and manhood suffrage—which, if anything, is the Leaguers' notion of Reform—to public confidence. Not that, to do them justice, the League wanted Mr. Bright's counsel or advice. He delivered his suggestions at Birmingham on Monday, but on the previous Wednesday a special meeting of the delegates of the League branches met in Fleet Street, under Mr. Beales's presidency. At this meeting Mr. Cremer, as reported in the *Commonwealth*, moved—

"That this meeting of delegates, feeling the political atmosphere is overcharged with corruption and intrigue, believes that it is advisable for the political health of the Reformers of London that they enbale the bracing and invigorating air of Hyde Park. (Cheers.) We therefore resolve to take an airing in Hyde Park on Monday, May 6th, at six o'clock in the evening, and cordially invite our brother Reformers to do the same, and after having met to confer upon the political state, to leave the park by Apsley Gate, and march by route then to be indicated." (No, and Yes.) He would leave them to conjecture the route which would be taken. (Laughter and cheers.) He was opposed to the meeting on Good Friday. (No, no.) Those who said "No, no," could go if they liked, but he should not.

The resolution was seconded, amidst cries of dissent, and "Have the meeting in the Park on Good Friday." Some of those present expressed their opinions that the League should not have given way respecting the Good Friday demonstration in Hyde Park.

Whereupon President Beales took umbrage and said, "He had pledged himself against the Good Friday Meeting. He was ready to resign; he would not sit there and listen to taunts. He would not barter his principles and conscience. He had taken the steps he thought best; if they were not satisfied with him they might elect another President." We do not trust ourselves to abridge the sequel:—

Mr. Bright proposed and Mr. Bubb seconded an amendment that there be a demonstration in the middle of the night.

This gave rise to a discussion, in which views were stated that the Reformers should show to the Government, and their enemies in general, that they were no longer to be trifled with. There was considerable difference of opinion respecting the course to be adopted as to the time and place of the next demonstration in London. One speaker suggested that the President and the Executive of the League, supported by a body of Reformers, should go and knock at the doors of the House of Commons.

Mr. Osborne condemned the inactivity of the League, characterizing it as a "dead body," and said that people were asking him if it was still living. He would do anything to strike terror into the Tories. (Cheers.)

The Chairman defended the conduct of the League, and referred to the deputations to Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, and the meetings in Trafalgar Square on Monday evenings.

Mr. Osborne: If you call the meetings in Trafalgar Square a success, God help you!

Mr. Weston, in speaking upon the question, thought the later they could bring a large body of roughs to the West-end the better. (Cheers.) It was no use arguing with their enemies any longer. They would only give them their rights when they could not help it.

Mr. Osborne again condemned the action of the Executive, and referred to the Chairman in a style which so offended that gentleman, that he said he had sacrificed more for the cause than ten thousand Osbornes; that he would not stop there to be insulted, and would leave the place.

Mr. Beales took up his hat, and was leaving the room, but was hastily surrounded by several delegates, and begged to resume his seat, which he did.

Mr. Odger believed that Mr. Osborne had never been of much service to the League, and said that the Council had never been wanting in courage.

The Chairman said that, if the Trades' Unions did their duty, the question was settled. It was the fault of the working-men that they did not obtain their rights. His impression was that the midnight torchlight meeting would be unadvisable. (Hear, hear.)

Upon being put to the vote, the amendment was lost, and Mr. Cremer's resolution was unanimously carried.

It was ultimately referred to the Executive to consider the best means of carrying out the resolution, and also that the delegates bring the subject of the expense of the demonstration before their branches at their next meeting.

It is perhaps superfluous to add that, at the previous Monday night's Trafalgar Square meeting, the speakers recommended "hoisting the black flag," and refusing—which some of them perhaps may have very cogent reasons for doing—to pay taxes. Indeed, as it seems, Mr. Cremer's resolution has been expanded during the week, and perhaps under the influence of Mr. Bright's suggestions. What, we are now, after due deliberation, told that "the League has decided upon" is "to hold, not a promenade, as at first intended, but a *bond fide* meeting." And Bradlaugh, with his usual mouthing, announces that not only had the League called the meeting in Hyde Park on the 6th of May, but they meant to hold it there, come what might. "They would not only demand admittance to the Park, but *enforce* that admittance." We have not much faith in the courage of this tongue-valiant person; but if the affair does not end in a riot, it will not be for want of the League doing their best to get one up, with the assistance of the roughs whom they now openly invite.

Of course this is all very contemptible, and a sorry sort of sedition. It is, after all, a very pinchbeck imitation of 1832. There is no more chance of an English revolution, in the League sense, at this moment, than of a perturbation of the solar system. The swagger of the League is perhaps only noticeable for its accidents. It shows that the Gironde of the League is crumbling away before the Mountain. It shows that Beales was, and that Cremer is, and that Osborne and Weston are to be; and, oddly enough, it will suggest to many that Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Crawford is, after all, but a pale copy of Mr. Beales's stage trick of offering to resign the leadership of the League. Mr. Gladstone has taken up his hat, but by this time he too has been hastily surrounded and begged to resume his seat. "Which he did"—we shall perhaps have to say next week. We have not the slightest fear about this 6th of May terrorism; the thing is too absurd, the instruments too feeble. If the Government chooses to allow the law to be openly defied by permitting any gathering in Hyde Park on the 6th of May; if Parliament allows a horde of roughs even to threaten to march upon the House of Commons, under pretence of taking an airing in Hyde Park; if the inhabitants of London take no steps to show that they do not intend to submit to demonstrations of black flags, "large bodies of roughs at the West-end," and "torchlight meetings in the middle of the night," why then Mr. Bright's Birmingham speech was only a mistake because it recommended a policy which had already been agreed upon, and will certainly be successful. At any rate it is something for us in London to know what the Demonstrations recommended by Mr. Bright mean when translated into the intelligible language of the demagogues of Fleet Street. For ourselves, we repeat, we should scarcely consider this miserable sedition worth noticing were it not for the awkward fact that Mr. Walpole is at the Home Office.

PICTURES IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

III.

THE greatest danger and embarrassment of modern art-criticism is the abundant supply of art. Pictures are produced in quantities so overwhelming that, unless the critic writes whole volumes of comment every year, he must either make many omissions or content himself with the production of mere catalogues of names. Writers on art may be divided into two very

distinct classes—critics and newsmen. The business of the critic is to support the interests of true art by encouraging all noble devotion to it, and fighting down, to the best of his ability, all that spurious art which in various forms invades and occupies the Exhibitions. To do this well, it is by no means necessary to mention any considerable proportion of the works exhibited. The object of the critic is not to give an accurate idea of what is to be found in this or that Exhibition, but to help good tendencies and hinder bad ones, and this may often be best done by thorough and detailed criticism of very few works. When some foolish eccentricity is coming into fashion it is not necessary to criticize every picture that gives evidence of it; the most effective way is to select a representative work, and combat the eccentricity in its strongest form. But a system of criticism referring mainly to principles and modes of thought, and using contemporary pictures merely for illustration, selecting a very few out of the mass, though by far the most interesting intellectually, and indeed the only kind of criticism which offers any serious intellectual interest whatever, is not well-suited for newspapers, because it is deficient in the element of news. What is called criticism in newspapers is not pure criticism, nor is criticism its main element; it is chiefly news about what is to be seen in the Exhibitions. When it happens in society that one person is acquainted with the contents of an Exhibition which has not been visited by any other person present, everybody asks him, first, what there is to be seen there. The answer to this is of the nature of simple news; Landseer exhibits, Millais sends nothing this year, and so on. The transition from news to criticism is gradual, and may be made so insensibly that, unless a writer determines beforehand what shall be the proportions of the two elements in his work, he may find the result different from what he intended it to be. We have felt some hesitation, in speaking of the pictures in the Great Exhibition at Paris, about the degree of importance to be given to the element of news. In the "Pictures of the Year" we have not considered it our duty to supply news at all, but have contented ourselves with criticism. The Paris Exhibition, as a contemporary event of unusual magnitude, has peculiar temptations in the other direction, but we cannot safely yield to them. A full account of what is to be seen in the art-gallery of the Champ de Mars would occupy many articles, and such articles would be as pleasant reading as the Catalogue.

About this wretched Catalogue we should only be too happy to tell a little news, if there were any, but at the time we write no new edition has appeared, and everybody is in difficulties even greater than those which attend the students of Bradshaw. The spelling is really wonderful. Park Gate is written pachz gale; Tennyson, Jeunyson; Hanover Square, Hauvner Square; and so on. What must make the Catalogue peculiarly puzzling to foreigners is the *variety* of the bad spelling, for a name sometimes appears in very different forms. We recommend every artist who has exhibited in the English section, and whose name or address betrays the slightest fault in spelling, to write at once to the publisher of the Catalogue, M. Dentu, 17 Palais Royal, and torment him till he employs a competent press corrector.

Immense space is allotted to the French school, and if it is to be considered necessary that such vast canvasses as those of M. Pils should be exhibited, the space is certainly needed. What we have said at different times in favour of the French school is not to be understood as inclusive of such art as this. In the whole range of ancient and modern painting we are not acquainted with any canvass more uniformly and entirely detestable than the prodigious one entitled "*Fête donnée à L.L. M.M. l'Empereur et l'Impératrice, à Alger, le 18 Septembre, 1860.*" Their Majesties, standing on an eminence before the Imperial tent, receive the Arab chiefs, who do them homage. The manner is in the highest degree brutal and presumptuous, the execution coarse with a coarseness entirely different from the apparent rudeness of noble work, and indicating rather vices of the mind—the combination of insensitiveness with vanity. The colour is indescribably glaring and hideous. Painting of this kind is nothing less than a public nuisance, and to encourage it by national patronage is far worse than a waste of money, for the money is not merely thrown away, but is made actively effectual for evil so long as the daubed canvass holds together. It is a received and settled opinion in the artistic circles of Paris that, although Napoleon III. has a liking for magnificence, he is wholly incapable of appreciating art, and in ordering and keeping a picture of this kind both characteristics show themselves. It was doubtless pleasant to the pride of the sovereign to receive the homage of the subject chiefs, and it was not impolitic to commemorate the scene; but no one could endure to be commemorated in such a picture as this who was not indifferent to art, and in aesthetics indifference always implies ignorance. Pictures of this kind do not deserve notice because they are beneath serious criticism, but they rise into importance when public money is paid for them, and they are hung on the walls of palaces. M. Pils won the "*Prix de Rome*" in 1838, a first-class medal in 1857, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. In 1861 he received the great medal of honour, and these distinctions prove that his art, whether it suits our taste or not, is a fact of some consequence.

M. Alexandre Cabanel has painted a large work, "*Le Paradis Perdu*," which is not likely to increase his reputation. Cabanel is a true artist in his way, even an exquisite artist, almost a great one. But for Cabanel to succeed unquestionably, the predominating idea of his work must be beauty, and beauty inclining to

prettiness, not grandeur, far less terror and sublimity. He can paint a charming portrait of a beautiful woman—as, for instance, that of the Countess of Clermont Tonnerre, in this Exhibition; and he can paint a courtly picture of a man, as that of the Emperor—not that the Emperor is beautiful, but the predominating idea of that picture is a courtly *comme il faut* on the same level as the lower beautiful, and rising no nearer to grandeur or sublimity. Cabanel can paint, too, a pretty nymph or Venus in a charming and only too seductive manner; but it does not follow that he can paint Adam and Eve in the first overwhelming sense of their ruin, and God Almighty in person coming to condemn them. It is wonderful how easily painters forget that, to attempt successfully certain subjects, much more is necessary than skilful management of the brush, or mastery over delicate form and colour. Cabanel is not Milton, and a subject which might suit Milton exactly is quite unfit for Cabanel. Few living painters may safely attempt these subjects, especially if they have passed their lives in Paris, because few believe in them, as facts, in the way that Milton believed. The “Nymph and Fawn,” the portraits just mentioned, and the “Birth of Venus,” are good examples of the painter, and enough to give him very high rank indeed, but this “Paradis Perdu” is a great mistake.

The French painters best loved and understood in England, Rosa Bonheur and Edouard Frère, are well represented in the Universal Exhibition. It is a curious proof of their popularity with us that the large majority of their contributions belong to English collectors. It is unnecessary to expatiate on their characteristics, which are perfectly well known to English readers. The art of both is delightfully sincere, and that of Frère is full of human interest. English visitors will enjoy these two little collections, and we should be sorry to say anything to diminish so pure and reasonable a pleasure, but we think there is some narrowness in our devotion to one or two artists, however excellent in their way. Suppose, for instance, that our countrymen were to look at Breton a little, and Belly, and Hamon, and Tournemine, and Bonnat, and a dozen others, would not the variety at least be agreeable? Jules Breton has quite a remarkable exhibition this year. He has as true a sense of the unconscious sublimity of humble labour as our own Hook. The “Source au Bord de la Mer” is as good as Hook in every quality except colour, and even in colour it is better than most contemporary French work. “La Bénédiction des Blés” is, or ought to be, well known to every one who has visited the Luxembourg during the last eight or nine years. It is a characteristic of the policy of the Church of Rome to make her presence felt everywhere, to go forth amongst the world outside the walls of her edifices, and carry her ceremonial into the streets and the fields. In this picture the priest goes in procession, carrying the host, to bless the standing corn, and with an odd mixture of splendour and homeliness, very touching, and very well felt and rendered by the painter, walks solemnly through the rich fields, along the narrow paths, in the beautiful sunshine of a bright afternoon. Nothing short of bigotry could make even a true Protestant insensible to the beauty of such a ceremonial. The picture is altogether a delightful one; the village maidens in their simple white dresses, the priest in his robes of office, the maire and other villagers in their Sunday best, awkward as a feeling of unaccustomedness and bad country tailoring can make them, have a mixture of humour and sublimity incomprehensible by some critics (who call the picture a caricature), but to our taste full of charm. A very grand picture, in another order of thought, because this time without humour, is that of the “Weed Gatherers.” It is full of the sublimity of long and patient labour, and these poor women, tearing the weeds out of the heavy soil late in the weary day, are to our mind infinitely nobler and grander than the most successful lorettes of Paris lolling at the same hour in carriages in the Bois de Boulogne. The “Fin de la Journée,” a return from gleaning, is almost as noble; and the humour reappears in the “Garde Champêtre” on the left, but much of the pleasure we feel in looking at this work is taken away by the bad colour of the wheat, which is given of a foul brown, quite unlike the rich gold of real wheat. It may be observed, by way of parenthesis, that nothing is more rare in painting than a good rendering of wheat. Vicat Cole gets near the colour, but is hard in manner, so that his wheat does not look rich enough or mysterious enough. Mr. Linnell the elder gets the colour truly, as in his fine wheat-field in this Exhibition, but his strong mannerism repels many, and detracts from the sobriety of his painting. Mr. Holman Hunt is right also in colour, but his wheat has no mystery or mass; it is so many blades, but never a sheaf, still less a field of several acres. But all these artists, being nearly right in hue, please us better than Breton, whose colour on this point is nearly always foul and wrong. There are differences, however, even in Breton's work. The wheat in the “Bénédiction” is pleasanter in colour than that in any other picture we know by him. Sometimes the darker *sarrasin* would seem to be intended, but even *sarrasin*, though dark, is very rich in colour, and what Breton gives us is not only low in tone, but poor. Defects of this kind, though they may seriously injure a picture, do not prevent us from recognising the higher qualities of an artist, and Jules Breton has qualities of thought and feeling enough to counterbalance many technical deficiencies.

Another favourite of ours is Léon Belly. Notwithstanding some excess of modern French mannerism, he paints landscape with so true a sense of size and space, and so poetical a feeling, that we feel safe in recommending every reader to miss nothing of his.

He is well able to deal with the figure also, and indeed may be most truly described as an accomplished figure-painter, who by serious study of landscape has made himself a true master of it. Figure-painters rarely study landscape in this way, and are for the most part profoundly ignorant of it. Belly seems to divide his attention almost equally between the two kinds of art. He can paint a mountain fairly, as in the “Oasis dans le Sinai,” and a great tree powerfully; he can paint a distance so as to give a strong impression of immense space, as in his views of desert scenery in Egypt and Syria; and yet we remember figure-pictures by him, of great merit in design and arrangement, of which a good example is exhibited here, “Pèlerins allant à la Mecque.” The grandeur and truth of the animals and their riders, the expression of intense light and heat, the weariness of the long march under the blinding glare and across the white hot sand, are all so rendered that no one who has once given five minutes to the picture is ever likely to forget it. But who ever does give five minutes to a picture in a great Exhibition like this?

The estimate of artists formed by painters is often so very different from the mercantile or popular estimate that our readers need not feel surprised if we speak of Hamon as a recognised artist, although it is likely that many of them have never heard of him. The position of Hamon is not, on the whole, less enviable than that of Edouard Frère or Rosa Bonheur; he is greatly respected by true students, and has received due recognition from the constituted authorities, but the true delicacy of his genius is not likely to be felt by any but a small minority of the visitors to the Great Exhibition. Though an accomplished master of various tones of grey, he seldom works in full colour; and it is likely that Englishmen, who are not accustomed to any work of an intermediate order between full colour and designs in no colour at all, may often mistake the artist's intention, and be unjust to him. We should recommend them to begin by studying No. 331, “La Promenade; grisaille sur fond rouge”—a delightful sketch of a mother taking out her children, conceived in the purest classic feeling—and after that to go to “Les Muses à Pompéi,” a picture in half-colour full of charming modulations of tint, but wilfully kept down in grey tones. After these the works in fuller colour, such as the “Escamoteur” and “Boutique à quatre sous,” will appear comparatively rich; and if the reader will go to the “Aurore” last, and give it time, say at least ten minutes, he is likely to enjoy it thoroughly, and to leave it with the impression that it is not only an exquisite design in point of form, but that the colour is really charming also, though necessarily arbitrary, and what is called “artificial” in the arrangement of its studied tones. This “Aurore” is personified in a beautiful female figure drinking the dew from a convolvulus. This picture and the “Boutique à quatre sous,” a little shop in old Rome, are thoroughly representative of the artist, who is a man of very pure and charming genius, perfected by long study of the severest kind.

We have spoken of Gérôme and Meissonnier at length in the “Pictures of the Year,” and shall pass them, as we did Rosa Bonheur and Edouard Frère, with the observation that visitors will find an ample illustration of each. Gérôme exhibits thirteen of his most famous pictures, and so an opportunity is afforded for comparison, which is not possible in the annual Salon, where only two works are admitted. Meissonnier sends fourteen, and amongst these the two famous military pictures where the two Napoleons appear, each marvellously like and characteristic. The Meissonniers are all hung together, and so are the Gérômes—an immense advantage for students, which the managers of English Exhibitions can never be brought to consider. They tell us that this gathering of the works of each man into one place spoils the look of the room; but people who go to study pictures do not care about the “look of the room.” We would not only have the works of every man kept together, but we should be glad to see them isolated from the works of his neighbours by a clear margin of blank wall.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

A REMARKABLE instance of skill in handicapping was witnessed on the first day of the Spring Meeting, when Ostreger, carrying 9 st. 5 lbs., was only beaten a head by Marmite, carrying 6 st., for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Man of Ross, who is engaged in the Derby, was honoured with only 5 st. 7 lbs., but it will probably be an unnecessary trouble to run him at Epsom. The filly by King Tom out of Mayonaise, probably the worst animal in training, again showed her inability to win with any weight. After the exhibition made by D'Estournel at the last meeting, the best thing that can be done is to run him as often as possible in minor races, on the chance that his temper, which cannot possibly get worse, may in time get better. Mr. Savile brought him out on Monday to meet Friponnier, Hippias, Knight of the Crescent, and four more, over the Rowley mile. Kenyon rode him; that is to say, Kenyon, by great exercise of muscle, remained on his back, but he was quite powerless to influence him in the slightest degree as to the way he should go. Finding that he could not get rid of his rider, D'Estournel made up his mind to run the Rowley mile according to his own taste; and his taste was to run, not straight, but diagonally. Starting well in the centre of the course, he gradually bore to the left, till on commencing the ascent of the hill he appeared about to take the rails

at a flying leap. Prevented from accomplishing this feat, he dashed up the hill with a speed and freedom of action that showed how very easily he could have won if he had chosen. That he is a really good horse there is no doubt; unfortunately, it is equally certain that he will not show his goodness. He would have made very short work of Friponnier, and we must not omit to mention that Hippia, who was running remarkably well, would have beaten Friponnier also had not D'Estournel swerved right across her, and knocked her completely out of her stride. In the match between Pericles and Pantaloon the latter was outpaced from the start, and very soon afterwards the Duke of Newcastle was again successful with Belphegor by Badsman, who beat Eau de Vie and Pyrenees very cleverly. The winner is a strong good-looking colt, and is engaged in the great races of next year. Twenty-one started for the maiden two-year-old Plate, but Athena, by Stockwell out of Heroine, a very highly tried filly belonging to Lord Hastings, monopolized attention. Her twenty antagonists were all beaten in the first quarter of a mile, and Athena won with the most ridiculous ease. In fact, it was such a mere canter that Lord Hastings did not hesitate to bring her out a second time an hour later to do battle against a far more dangerous enemy—Grimston; and over a far severer course—the last half mile of the Beacon Course. The race was well contested, and the struggle was evenly sustained; but Grimston had met his match, and was beaten cleverly, though not easily. Thus the fillies at present have beaten the colts, Suffolk having succumbed to Lady Elizabeth at Northampton, and Grimston to Athena at Newmarket. Lord Hastings purchased Athena, with several others, from Mr. Naylor. Fleurette exhibited unexpected staying powers in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and won very easily. Actea ran very ungenerously, and by no means in her form of last year. She swerved across the course when ascending the Criterion hill, and, though second, finished a long way behind the winner.

And now the great day of Newmarket had arrived, and the air was thick with rumours and reports. The scratching of Hermit had removed a formidable opponent from the field, but still the race for the Two Thousand Guineas was considered unusually open. Last year the position of Lord Lyon was never for a moment in jeopardy. His friends had never any fear, his enemies had never any hope. There was not a single animal in the race to whom he could not have given 10 lbs. in a match over the same distance. There was, therefore, comparatively little excitement. But this year there were several competitors whose chances, on public grounds, seemed all good, and who were supported by eager and enthusiastic partisans. The superior claims of Plaudit, from his running with Achievement, and from his having been the first to check her career of uninterrupted victory, were almost universally acknowledged. The hostility evinced towards him was based on two grounds—first, the backward condition of the majority of the Northern horses, a circumstance mainly due to the extreme severity of the winter and early spring; secondly, a belief that amongst the backward Plaudit was the most backward, and that, setting aside the unfavourable character of the season, his trainer had been afraid to make him perform that amount of real hard work that should be done by every aspirant to victory in a race of this character. At the same time there was an extraordinary diversity of opinion at Newmarket as to his fitness, some good judges maintaining that he was perfectly ready for running, and must have been amply trained, others vowing that he would never be able to gallop three hundred yards. No one disputed that in make and shape and general appearance, he was a model of a race-horse. We cannot help thinking that his most sanguine friends trusted a little too much to his pulling through from sheer superiority apart from any questions as to condition. They probably thought that a first-class horse need not be completely wound up to win over a mile. They remembered that, even over the severe course at Epsom, Blair Athol won when scarcely half-trained, and when his jockey had to whip and spur him for the last three-quarters of a mile to get him along at all. But then it should never be assumed that a horse, however his shape and make may satisfy the most critical eye, possesses those great and mysterious qualities of heart and will which, as much as physical conformation, make up a Blair Athol and a Gladiateur. Every horse of good bodily powers can win when winning is easy; not one in a hundred can struggle against difficulty and misfortune, and still come out victorious. If, then, there were legitimate doubts as to the condition of Plaudit, there were none as to that of Julius. All that the most accomplished of trainers could do for him had been done, and the only question was whether the horse was as good as he was fit. His friends were confident, and their confidence was strengthened by the repeated victories of his companion Pericles, and by the excellent form shown by the stable generally. The best public performances of Marksman in 1866 were undoubtedly superior to the best public performances of Julius; but not only was Marksman legitimately distrusted on account of his uncertain temper, but also the trainer of Julius had had the charge of Marksman at one time, and therefore must have known as much of his powers as of the ability of his own horse. Lastly, there was Vauban, who had been successful over this same course at the last meeting after a close struggle with Wroughton, and whose evident stoutness and ability to climb a hill won him innumerable friends for his more important engagements this week and at Epsom. Public opinion was divided as to which was the worst of Lord Glasgow's pair,

and there were no other probable runners from whom danger was anticipated. When the numbers went up, it was found that there were eighteen starters, and their preliminary canters were watched with the most eager scrutiny. No fault could be found with the appearance of Vauban, Julius, or Marksman, although some thought that Julius was, if anything, a little too fine. Trocadero cantered in rather lumbering fashion, and Plaudit made no new friends, while his old supporters felt so sure of his real excellence that they cared not whether he cantered badly or well, or not at all. The story of the race itself is soon told. Marksman looked all over the winner as they descended the Abingdon hill, but he would not try a yard afterwards. Julius had before then ceased to look formidable, and poor Plaudit had retired far behind before the real battle began. When Marksman gave up, it seemed as if Vauban, who ran throughout with thorough gameness and steadiness, would come in alone; but Knight of the Garter came in the last hundred yards with a tremendous rush, and rapidly approached the leader. He could not reach him, however, but he obtained second place two lengths from Vauban, while Marksman was a head behind the Knight.

The conclusions to be drawn from this contest were briefly these. Marksman might have won easily had not his heart failed him. He galloped the best of the lot, undoubtedly; but the same causes that prevented him from winning at Newmarket will of course militate against his success at Epsom. One of the best jockeys in England could not persuade him to do his best, and his chance must be regarded as very second-rate. Vauban, from his compact make, strong sound frame, and good plucky disposition, will undoubtedly run well over the Surrey hills; but viewed from considerations of public running alone, Hermit and The Rake are placed in a position very superior to any other competitors. Anyhow, the solution of the Two Thousand riddle this year is a more than usually reliable key to the Derby problem—according to public running, that is, on which ground alone we profess or desire to offer an opinion on these matters. The remainder of the racing on Tuesday calls for little remark. Lord Lyon had a pleasant canter over the Rowley mile, these gentle exercises seeming to agree with him very nicely. The names of the animals who followed, at a considerable interval, in his track were Golden Leaf and Ben Nevis. Later in the day Grimston followed this good example, and arrived at the winning-post at the end of the Rowley mile about thirty seconds before Queen of Beauty and Arran. The quiet on Wednesday was infinitely grateful after the crowding and hustling of the preceding day. D'Estournel was brought out again, and this time, in the hands of Custance, was compelled to go straight, though it seemed to us that it was very disagreeable to him to do so. There was not much for him to beat, the best of the trio that opposed him being the colt by Rataplan out of Amanda, who ran second to Quick March for the Northamptonshire Stakes; but he seemed to try as much as he could to be beaten, and we fancy that his victory will bring him but few supporters, though it is evident, as we said before, how good a horse nature meant him to be, and that only his own wickedness has made him the villain he is. Suffolk, with a 5 lbs. penalty, made the most ridiculous exhibition of his twenty-three opponents in the Two-year-old Plate, and his performance enhances the merits of the 1867 fillies, as represented by Lady Elizabeth and Athena.

People were perhaps over-confident in trusting to Lord Lyon to defeat Julius over the Rowley mile with consummate ease. As it was, he only just won by a head, after a most severe struggle. There is little doubt that Julius is a better horse than his running in the Two Thousand would make him appear to be. He had been overdone in his preparation—a not uncommon mistake for an anxious and zealous trainer to make; and he may perhaps on a future occasion exhibit himself to greater advantage than he did last Tuesday. Lord Lyon ran rather lazily on this occasion. At one moment the defeat of Mr. Sutton's horse seemed inevitable, for Julius had evidently the best of the speed, and got his head in front about fifty yards from the chair. The strenuous exertions of Custance, however, and the endurance of Lord Lyon just turned the scale at the last instant. There was no fear about the succeeding race, for it was a mere canter for Achievement, who won without being urged, and began her 1867 career by carrying off the rich One Thousand Guineas Stakes, worth over four thousand pounds. Only six fillies contested this prize with her, and they were all beaten a quarter of a mile from home. Achievement looked uncommonly well, though not much filled out since last year. She had never any occasion to show whether she can go as fast as of old; nor was the nature of the course at all likely to aggravate her infirmity, which we believe, and also hope, is but slight. Of the six behind her, Mr. Merry's filly by Thormanby out of Sunflower was perhaps the best, and Lord Glasgow's Sister to First Flight was indubitably the worst. The going was so heavy that an old horse with light weight had a manifest advantage in the Free Handicap over the last two miles of the Cesarewitch Course, and Pintail, 6 years, 7 st. 5 lbs., had the race in hand the whole way. Tournalin made a gallant effort to reach her, but weight was sure to tell in such deep holding ground. The winner is but a moderately good animal, but on this occasion circumstances were in her favour.

REVIEWS.

FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST.*

(Second Notice.)

IN our previous notice of Mr. Freeman's book we confined ourselves chiefly to the general sketch of our earlier history and Constitution which forms the first half of this introductory volume. The second portion is of a more purely historic character, and is treated in a more purely historic way. The story of our Danish Kings is indeed a real addition to our knowledge of this portion of our annals. It is not merely that Mr. Freeman has been the first to realize the importance of the rule of King Cnut, and his sons Harold and Harthacnut, as a prelude to the Norman Conquest which he has to tell; it is that he may fairly claim to be the first to have brought out the full interest of the time in itself. No one before has told as it deserved to be told the story of the desperate rally of England under Eadmund Ironside; no one has brought out the strangely attractive character of Cnut; nowhere certainly has any attempt been made to give meaning or importance to the reigns of his successors. Without committing ourselves wholly to his conclusions, it is bare justice to Mr. Freeman to say that he is the first who has brought to light a forgotten chapter of English history, and that he has done it with a breadth and vividness of treatment which effectually secures it from ever being forgotten again.

We are not saying that in his narrative of the reigns of these Danish Kings the historian has, in our opinion, fully grasped the meaning of the period which he has treated, or that he has satisfactorily solved its numberless difficulties. The importance, in fact, that he attaches to the artificial kingdom which the genius of Ælfred's successors built up would alone stand in the way of any right understanding of the events that produced or followed on its dissolution. The truth is that till the reign of the Conqueror, whatever shape its outer political arrangements might assume, England was not one kingdom, but three or two kingdoms. Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria remained separate political bodies which no efforts of force or policy could really fuse into one. Their relation was of course greatly modified by the Danish settlement of the North. The distinction between Mercia and Northumbria, for instance, was almost done away; or, to put it more accurately, Mercia was divided into two parts, of which the northern became purely Danish and fused into Northumbria; while the southern, under its Ealdormen, exhibits its old local character of mediator between north and south only intensified by the mixture of population which now gave it kinship with either. But these modifications of provincial differences by the addition of a difference of race increased the difficulty, which every great statesman of the time had to encounter, of holding this varied England together under the supremacy of the royal line of Wessex. They really solved it by basing the power and policy of England not on the south but on the north; but such a solution, if it satisfied the Danelagh, was hardly likely to be acceptable to the old and fast-waning kingdom of Egbert and Ælfred. The cardinal error of Mr. Freeman's treatment of this latter period seems to us to lie in his steady identification of England with Wessex—of West-Saxon provincialism with English patriotism. The facts point the other way; again and again it is the selfish provincialism of Wessex which ruins all hope of national union as Dunstan or Eadgar would have built it up. It was against the abandonment of the policy of the first by the West-Saxon Eadwig that Mercia and Northumbria rose in arms to replace the great Minister and to set their own ruler on the throne. In that great revolution lies the key to the after history of the realm, and for the hour its import could not but be understood. The submission of Wessex before the two kingdoms under Eadgar is but repeated in her submission to them under Sweyn. England's real strength lay to the north of Thames, if the tradition of sovereignty lingered to the south of it; and it was Eadgar's steady appreciation of this that forms the chief element in the glory of his reign, as, in the form of a partiality for the Danes, it was the one charge which Wessex could bring against him. But the policy of Eadgar died with him. The murder of Eadward the Martyr, the succession of Æthelred, bears every mark of a political revolution. The "great joy of the English Witan" which the Chronicle so expressly notices, the retirement of Dunstan and his presaging words of ill to come, the futile attempt—which must have come from the North—to set up a rival, the immediate resumption of Danish hostility, all point to the success of a West-Saxon reaction in the elevation of Æthelred. It is on Wessex, and for a long time on Wessex only, that the invasions and ravages of the Northmen fall; East Anglia alone—which seems to have had some special connexion with Wessex—stirs a finger in its defence. It was not so much the imbecility of Æthelred as the practical secession of England north of the Thames which paralysed the struggle against the Dane. And when Northern England passed from inactivity to active effort, the struggle was over in a moment. It was not Sweyn, but Northumbria and Mercia, which had risen as one man when his ships appeared, doubtless by invitation, in the Humber, that crushed the resistance of Wessex in a single march, and swept Æthelred away to Normandy. He returns, when the

sudden death of his conqueror had again freed Wessex, to occupy the same provincial position; for if Mr. Freeman regards his recall as a national act, the people of Lindisay, whose homes he had harried with fire and sword on his return, were not likely to mistake him for more than a West-Saxon. The battles of Eadmund Ironside were, with one exception, purely West-Saxon battles; it was the election of Cnut that first restored—as he himself claimed to have restored—the system of Eadgar, and gave a lasting peace to the realm.

We will not pursue the subject further, though much might be adduced in support of this view from the reigns of Harold and Harthacnut. But it is impossible not to see what a fresh light it flings upon the character of the statesmen of the day who, as they fall under the censure of the Chronicle, fall equally under the lash of Mr. Freeman. But, as he himself confesses, it is easier to censure than to understand them. If it be true that the career of a man who played so prominent a part in English politics as Eadric "is simply a catalogue of treasons as unintelligible as those of his predecessor" Ælfric; if, again, "the very success of his villainies" (the words might apply to either) "shows that he must have somehow or other obtained the lead of a considerable party"; if, after the most outrageous treasons, men such as these can still retain influence with the kings they betray, and sway (as Eadric did after Assandun) the counsels of the Witan in the very freshness of their treachery—then it is not merely the character of Eadric or Ælfric that is unintelligible, it is the whole history of the country and the time. What in our judgment these men really attempted, what among all their strange changes from side to side England, her Kings, and her Witan seem to have understood them to be attempting, was the restoration of that system of political balance which, alike in the elections of Eadwig and Æthelred, Wessex had swept away. And in the pursuit of this policy they do not stand by themselves; they are but two in a line of great statesmen which begins with Dunstan and ends with Godwine. Dunstan's own party, with his successor Sigeric at their head—that clerical party which in these obscure times gives us the best clue to the true national sentiment—led the way in the policy of purchasing peace which is visited so heavily on the head of Ælfric. But the position of these two Ministers, Ælfric and Eadric, is—it must be remembered—determined, not merely by the older traditions of English statesmanship, but by their connexion with the province which specially represented the system of compromise as opposed to that of West-Saxon supremacy. Both were Ealdormen of English Mercia, and the choice of their province accurately represents the character of their policy. Like Lord Halifax, they were trimmers, and they have received the usual reward of trimmers, but they trimmed from causes far deeper than the sentimental attraction towards minorities which distinguished the statesman of the seventeenth century. Tortuous as their policy might seem in details, it was perfectly intelligible in its broad outlines; and with all the facts fresh before them which have come down to us distorted by legend and hate, the men of their own day gathered to their standard and bowed to their counsel. But it is the historic curse which rests upon heroes that to write them up it is commonly necessary to write other men down; and if Archbishop Sigeric and Ealdorman Ælfric are sacrificed to the theory which identifies England with Wessex, Eadric is ruthlessly immolated on the altar of the glory of Eadmund Ironside. We will not affect to regret that Mr. Freeman has for once bowed the head before a hero, for, however great a mistake the struggle of Eadmund may have been politically, it carries with it the real heroic charm, and it is painted in words as spirit-stirring as the deeds they tell. Take such a battle-picture as this of the fight at Assandun, where the King's wonderful seven months of victory end in ruinous defeat. The retreat of the Danes has led them along the high ground which lies south of the Crouch, by the Essex coast:—

Along these heights Eadmund followed them, and at last overtook and engaged them in the sixth and last battle of this wonderful year, the memorable fight of Assandun. At the extremity of the range two hills of slight positive elevation, but which seem of considerable height in the low country in the East of England, look down on the swampy plain watered by the tidal river. Between the hills and this lowest ground lies a considerable level at an intermediate height, which seems to have been the actual site of the battle. Of the two hills, one still retains the name of Ashington, an easy corruption of the ancient form; while the other, in its name of Canewdon, perhaps preserves the memory of the Danish conqueror himself. On Assandun, then, a site marked by entrenchments which are possibly witnesses of that day's fight, possibly of yet earlier warfare, Eadmund drew up his forces in three ranks, and at first seemed disposed to await the attack of the enemy. The King took the post which immemorial usage fixed for a royal general between the two ensigns which were displayed over an English army, the golden dragon, the national ensign of Wessex, and the standard, seemingly the personal device of the King. The moment was favourable for battle; the Raven fluttered her wings, and Thurkill, overjoyed at the auspicious omen, called for immediate action. But Cnut, young as he was, was wary, and would fight only after his own fashion. He gradually led his troops off the hills into the level ground, that is, the intermediate height between the hills and the swampy plain. The main object of Eadmund was to cut off the Danes from their ships, he had therefore no choice but to leave his strong post and to descend to the lower ground. . . . Accordingly, he began the battle with a furious assault upon the Danes; he even forsook the royal post, and, charging sword in hand in the first rank, burst like a thunderbolt upon the ranks of the enemy. The Danes resisted manfully, and the fight was kept up with equal valour and with terrible slaughter on both sides. On the whole the Danes had the worst, and they were beginning to give way when Eadric again betrayed his lord and king and all the people of English kin. . . . The battle, however, was kept up till sunset, and even by the light of the moon, but after the flight of Eadric the English had to maintain the struggle on very unequal terms. All England fought against Cnut, but Cnut had the victory.

* *History of the Norman Conquest.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

It is hard, after a glowing passage like this, to return to the colder colours of historic fact. But the whole story of Eadmund, as Mr. Freeman gives it, is primarily built on Florence of Worcester, and as far as the story of Eadmund is concerned, Florence is but an unscrupulous expansion of the Chronicle into legend. The earlier and more curious part of the hero's history indeed remains untouched. While Æthelred still lived it seems to have been the intention of Eadmund to resume the older policy of his house; by a political marriage he established some sort of lordship over the five Danish boroughs along Trent, and hastened at the head of a Northumbrian and Mercian force to meet Cnut, to whose arms his new policy had abandoned Wessex without defence. The attempt however failed, and on his father's death Eadmund, rejected by England, sank into a King of Wessex. It was with West-Saxon armies that he held the border of his shrunken realm at Pen and Sherstone against the attempts of Cnut, whom the whole English nation, save the few faithful nobles gathered round Eadmund in London, had chosen for their national king. But he could do no more than hold Wessex till the junction of Eadric brought him the support of what the Chronicle from that time calls "all England." Whatever was the immediate cause of Eadric's passing over from Cnut to Eadmund, whether it was the cause or result of a revulsion of popular feeling, it changed the face of affairs at once. Eadmund was able to push forth to the relief of London—the one ally left him outside his realm—to harass the besiegers at Brentford, and when they broke up the siege from want of food, to fall on their dispersed parties in Mercia and Kent. The Danes had withdrawn to Essex, and there, as we have seen, Eadmund overtook them to lose all in one frightful defeat. The defeat was attributed to the flight of Eadric, but the voice of Eadric is first in the Witan which now insists on the compromise which has become inevitable. Wessex remains to Eadmund; the rest of England passes to Cnut. A little time more and the sudden death of his rival leaves Cnut master of all. Over all this simple record of a gallant struggle, as the Chronicle gives it, Florence has thrown the exaggeration and distortion of legend. "He fought against the armies at Pen" becomes a victorious rout of the Danes. Sherstone, where "much slaughter was made on either side, and the armies of themselves separated," is amplified into a two days' struggle, from which the Danes fly under cover of the night, and in which Eadric plays the inevitable traitor with a false head of Eadmund in his hand. But this is nothing to the unscrupulous perversion of the great defeat at Assandun, where the Chronicle's simple "Then did Eadric the ealdorman, as he had often done before, begin the flight first with the Magesetas, and so betrayed his lord the king and the English people," becomes an elaborate story of a promise of treachery made to Cnut and fulfilled in the very instant of English success. Mr. Freeman, we must own, feels none of our distrust of Florence; he follows him without a murmur from Pen to Assandun, but at the close of the last encounter he wakes up to a faint protest, which might, under less exciting circumstances than this great battle period supplies, have led to a wider incredulity. When the prim monk spoils the Chronicle's "there were slain Abbot Eadnoth and Abbot Wulfsig" by his pious little addition, "both of whom had come to pray for the soldiers while they were fighting," "I confess," says Mr. Freeman, "that the calm way in which the Chronicles reckon the Prelates among the slain alongside of the Ealdormen looks to me the other way." But the perversion which best illustrates Florence's way of going to work is passed over without comment. Mr. Freeman rightly adopts the Chronicle's narrative of the events that followed Assandun; "then advised Eadric and the Witan who were there that the kings should be reconciled." But Florence saw that to give such a position to Eadric at the head of the Witan was to falsify his story of a covenanted treachery at Assandun. Since the days of Demosthenes men have learnt that a politician may run away from the field of battle without necessarily doing so from sheer treason. But the flight of panic and that of treachery are easily distinguishable, and the Witan and Eadmund himself were hardly likely to be following the lead of a traitor of a week's standing, through whose treason the hill of Assandun was covered with English dead. Whatever patience policy might have dictated, the memory of that corpse-strewn hill would have made patience impossible. So Eadmund is made to be very indignant at the proposal of peace, and the Witan of the Chronicle are turned into a contemptuous "quidam alii."

The immediate result of the death of Eadmund Ironside was the establishment of a Danish monarchy, whose effect in preparing England for her Norman masters and in bringing forward the great men whose names stand foremost in the history of the Conquest is admirably explained by Mr. Freeman in the last chapters of his work. The result by which it most affects us perhaps is the transference of the capital which it in the long run brought about from Winchester to London. The history of London is so well illustrated in Mr. Freeman's pages that we wonder at his omitting to notice the new position the great city assumes when, through the influx of Danish citizens, it became the chosen residence of Harold the First. It was no accident that he was buried, first of our Kings, at Westminster; or that his ejected corpse was again buried in the London cemetery of St. Clement Danes. But of this, no doubt, there will be more to tell when the New Minister of the Confessor tells us that the old capital of the Kings of Wessex is definitely forsaken. Full as the last chapters are of interest, we must leave them without comment. The best close of a notice which has been almost exclusively concerned with

Eadmund Ironside will be the eloquent words of Mr. Freeman's farewell to the hero-King of Wessex:—

The uninterrupted succession of the West-Saxon Kings had now come to an end. The remains of the last and one of the noblest of that great line were carried to the common sanctuary of Briton and Englishman, and the body of Eadmund Ironside was laid by that of his grandfather Eadgar in the great minster of Glastonbury. In later times, through all the reconstructions of that wonderful pile the memory of the hero of Sherstone and Assandun still lived. Till men arose in whose eyes art, history, and religion were alike worthless, he held a worthy place among a galaxy of royal tombs which Winchester or Westminster could hardly surpass. Behind the high altar in his own chapel as a canonized saint rested the body of Eadgar the Peaceful. Before the altar lay the supposed remains of the legendary Arthur and his still more legendary queen. North and south slept two champions of England alike in name and glory. On the north side lay Eadmund the Magnificent, one of the brother heroes of Brunanburh, the conqueror of Scot and Cumbrian and Northman, the deliverer of English cities from the heathen yoke. To the south lay his namesake and descendant, as glorious in defeat as in victory, the more than equal rival of the glorious Cnut, the man who raised England from the lowest depth of degradation, the guardian whose heart and arm never failed her, even if his ear lent too easy credence to the counsels of the traitor.

THE FALSE SEBASTIANS.*

IT is one of the constantly recurring phenomena of history that, when a King is killed, wounded, or missing, in any unusual way, some one professing to be the lost monarch is almost sure to appear. The cases are endless; false Philips, as Polybius says, fall from the clouds. In fact, under the given circumstances, we expect them; the remarkable thing is when they do not appear. For instance, in our own history, we are not in the least surprised to hear that there were several legends of the escape of Harold from Hastings; the remarkable thing is that no false Harold seems ever to have appeared. The cases are so common, and in so large a proportion of them the claimant is evidently an impostor, that we are perhaps a little too ready to assume that every one who claims to be a missing prince must be an impostor. We do not at all commit ourselves to Perkin Warbeck, but it is at least plain that his case is quite different from that of Lambert Simnel. Then again, even if they all were impostors, their imposture has often led to important results. The false Philip may have fallen from the clouds, but his descent involved the Roman commonwealth in a troublesome war, which led to the final loss of Greek independence.

The name of Sebastian, King of Portugal, probably owes its retention in popular memory to nothing so much as to the number of impostors who took upon them to personate him after his death. We do not hesitate to say impostors, because the death of Sebastian is attested by perfectly conclusive evidence, and the pretensions of all the four claimants recorded in this volume were exposed with the greatest ease. Nobody could have believed in them except those who were ready to believe anything. But each pretender seems to have found some real believers, besides partisans who, without believing, thought that political objects might be gained by pretending to believe. And of this last class it is only fair to add that they do not seem to have been seeking their own selfish advancement, but the liberation of their country. Their patriotism was sincere, though, as they did not scruple to seek worthy ends by most dishonest means, their efforts were, as they deserved to be, ineffectual.

Sebastian was the last King but one of the old dynasty of Portugal. Practically we may call him the last King. His successor, the Cardinal Henry, reigned only long enough to allow the claimants to his succession to put their claims into shape. Sebastian was perhaps the last genuine Crusader, though even in him the crusading spirit had lost somewhat of its original character. He made war on the sovereign of Morocco avowedly in the cause of a pretender to his crown, though of course the pretender was to be restored only on terms favourable to Christianity and even to Portuguese supremacy. This is not exactly the spirit of Godfrey. Still it is as near an approach to it as was likely in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Sebastian, only twenty-four years old at his death, had the bad luck to come to his crown in infancy, and to be left without any wise guardians. What qualities longer experience might have developed in him we cannot say. As it was, he had grown up into a brave soldier and a pure-minded devotee, but seemingly into nothing else. His personal conduct was exemplary, his religion was sincere and fervent, but he showed no signs of even budding generalship or statesmanship. Overweening self-confidence and a high idea of his kingly dignity were the natural results of his unhappy position and education. But he is not charged with oppression in his government, and he seems to have made many personal friends. Yet the way in which his memory was worshipped by the Portuguese nation was doubtless owing much less to his personal qualities than to the state of things which followed his death. In 1578 he invaded Africa in the spirit of a knight-errant; he found a general and a statesman in the Mahometan prince with whom he had to contend. Worn out with illness, Abd-el-Melek was present at the battle of Alcacer-el-Kebir, and directed the movements of his army. He died in the moment of victory. Sebastian, there can be no doubt, refusing surrender or capitulation, died in a last desperate charge. By his death the undoubted male line of the Portuguese Kings was reduced to the Cardinal Henry, Sebastian's

* *Les Faux Don Sebastian. Étude sur l'Histoire de Portugal.* Par Miguel d'Antas. Paris: Durand. 1866.

uncle, who of course succeeded. But who was to succeed him was much less plain. Several candidates appeared. National feeling centred round Antonio, Prior of Crato, a cousin of Sebastian, but who was unable to prove his legitimate birth. But the intrigues and the military strength of another claimant were too strong for any native candidate. Philip of Spain supported his claims by arms, and Portugal became one of his many kingdoms. In no part of Philip's vast dominions, save in that distant corner where religious persecution had provoked an irreconcilable hatred, was Castilian rule so unpopular as in the kingdom which lay nearest to it. A high-spirited people, proud of their independence of their nearest neighbour, used not only to independence but to conquest and colonization and a vast dominion beyond the sea, chafed in a special manner under the dull yoke of Philip. Some parts of the Spanish dominions had been annexed to the Castilian crown in a lawful and peaceable manner. Others had hardly for ages known what independence was. Milan and Naples had been so often conquered that they did not greatly care who was their last conqueror. It would doubtless have been felt as a national humiliation if Portugal had been united to Spain by the most regular process of treaty or of hereditary succession. But for a State which could count its sixteen generations of Kings, which appeared in the eyes of Eastern potentates to be the first Power of Europe, a State which had solemnly divided the whole heathen and barbaric world with its Castilian rival, to become, partly by force of arms, partly through native treason, a province of Castile administered by a Castilian viceroy, was bitterness beyond words. The hearts of the Portuguese clung to the memory of their last national King. That he had disappeared in battle with the Infidels of course added to the charm of his memory. No one stopped to think that, had he abstained from a rash and unprovoked attack on his Infidel neighbours, Portugal might still have been independent and flourishing under him or his descendants. Sebastian could not be dead; he had shrunk from returning after a defeat; he had submitted himself to some long penance; he was wandering in some distant part of the world, but he would yet return to cheer his faithful people and to deliver his kingdom from the foreign yoke. The belief became a sort of religion; it survived the age to which Sebastian could possibly have lived; it survived the need of his return, and lingered on after Portugal had again become an independent State. The hidden prince still lurked in some island, whence he would return on some day of mist and storms, and even within our own times men have been known to stand by the sea-shore looking for the ship which should bring him. The return of Frederick Barbarossa was expected in Germany in 1848, and most likely is expected still, unless just now Henry of Luxemburg should take his place as the more appropriate national leader. So, in 1838, emissaries of King Sebastian appeared in the province of Pernambuco in Brazil, and gathered many proselytes who were not put down by the local authorities without bloodshed.

While men's minds were in this state, the appearance of false Sebastians was a thing which could hardly fail to take place. M. d'Antas gives us a minute account of four who appeared during the reigns of Philip the Second and his successor Philip the Third. The first two appeared in Portugal. Of the earliest, who appeared in 1584, the name is unknown; he was known only as the King of Penamacor, the village where he was arrested. He, as well as his next successor, seems to have been a hermit. He was at last sent to the galleys, he served in the Armada against England, but he contrived to escape to France, where he was no more heard of. Next year appeared Mathews Alvares, the King of Ericeira, who raised a serious local revolt. His confession was remarkable, and throws light on the motives with which many people supported these successive impostures. He confessed that he was not Sebastian, but that he had assumed the character of the lost King as the best means of stirring up a revolt against the Spanish Government. He hoped to liberate Portugal, and, when he had done so, he would have avowed his imposture, and called on the people to choose what king they would. It seems quite clear that, while many people honestly believed in the successive impostors, others simply made use of them in the hope that, when the nation was once stirred up, something might be done on behalf of Antonio of Crato or some other national candidate. The King of Ericeira was still more unlucky than the King of Penamacor. He was hanged and quartered.

The third impostor appeared in 1594, not in Portugal, but in Spain. This was one Gabriel de Espinosa, who was taken in hand by a priest called Fray Miguel dos Santos, who was the head centre of the conspiracy. This man's story is very curious, on account of his relations with a natural daughter of the famous Don John, Dona Anna, who, like her father, seems to have been treated as a royal personage, but who was constrained by Philip, much against her will, to become a nun in the monastery of Madrigal, near Valladolid. This princess, as she is called, seems really to have believed that Espinosa was Sebastian—that is to say, that he was a near kinsman of her own. For the mother of Sebastian was Joanna, sister of Philip and of Don John; he was therefore cousin to Dona Anna and nephew to Philip. Philip of course had a special motive for getting rid of false Sebastians, because he was bound in decency to profess himself ready to surrender the crown of Portugal to the real Sebastian, should he ever turn up. The whole story is very odd. Anna was clearly anxious to leave her convent and marry her sup-

posed cousin, notwithstanding the twofold impediment of kindred and of religious vows. She writes the most passionate letters to him, which at least show that she was quite out of her place among the holy sisters of Madrigal. Then the thing was mixed up with the existence of a little girl whom Espinosa had with him, and to whom Dona Anna took a special affection. The busy mind of Philip the Second gave itself, one hardly sees why, to special inquiries into all that concerned this little girl. It seemed to have been the point in the whole matter which the King was most anxious to have solved. Scandal of course affirmed the child to be the offspring of Anna herself, but she seems to have been nothing but Espinosa's own child by a woman who accompanied him and who passed as her nurse. Espinosa was in the end tortured into confession and executed. Dona Anna was deprived of all royal privileges and put to a severe monastic penance.

The fourth and last impostor, Marco Tulio, a Calabrian by birth, made his appearance at Venice in 1598. His imposture made more noise in the world than that of any of those who went before him. He was at least talked over in foreign Cabinets as to the chances of any political capital being made out of him. And he found a zealous prophet of his claims in one Don Joam de Castro, who wrote infinite books about him and trumpeted his rights to the ends of the earth. But to our mind he is the least interesting of the four. The first two really appealed on the spot to the Portuguese people, and the strange intermixture of the affair of Dona Anna gives a certain kind of interest to Espinosa. But Marco Tulio does little but show in what impudent impostures men will believe when they are determined to believe. Marco Tulio was not the least like Sebastian; he spoke and wrote Italian with great elegance, but when he began his career of imposture, he could not speak Portuguese at all. Before he had done, he contrived to learn the language, though not very perfectly; but at no time did he show that knowledge of things, persons, and places in Portugal, which a real Sebastian must have shown. To the last he blundered in all the points by which his pretensions to be a Portuguese and a King of Portugal were to be tested. But all these things were easily accounted for by the faithful. Long dwelling in strange countries had changed his appearance, weakened his memory, caused him to forget the purity of his native tongue. At the beginning, when he could not speak Portuguese at all, he was under a vow not to speak it. He was at last hanged and quartered at San Lucar in 1603.

M. d'Antas has evidently given himself to his task with great zeal and care, and has probably got together all that could be got together about the four false Sebastians. The book is interesting in parts, but readers who are not specially given to Portuguese matters will be apt to think it over long and minute. To natives of Portugal, or to professed students of Portuguese history, it will probably appear in another light.

ADA MOORE'S STORY.*

IT is really refreshing, in this age of prosaic realism, to meet with a book like *Ada Moore's Story*. Fatigued by the strength of George Eliot, and sated with the naturalness of Trollope, the poetic lisps of a pupil fresh from the high-polite, hot-pressed, scented Rosa Matilda school come to us with a sense of novelty, to say the least of it; though with what net result remains to be seen in the summing up. We may, however, say so much in the beginning, that to our minds it argues no small amount of courage that a human being, presumably not insane, should sit down deliberately to describe men and women as the author of *Ada Moore* has described them; her indifference to probability, her untruthfulness to nature, and her magnificent ideas of things in general being on a scale transcending the ordinary limits even of her high-busked school. It is fortunate for the rest of mortals still under the bondage of common sense and the affliction of material necessity, that humanity after this kind is nowhere to be met with save in the sublime pages of the Rosa Matilda novels. What the world would be like if peopled by such creatures surpasses one's wildest dreams; and it would be easier to imagine an oligarchy of seraphs ruling on 'Change and chaffering in Mark Lane than the work of life carried forward by men and women of the excruciating beauty, goodness, sensibility, and polite bearing which seem to Ada Moore and her congeners the right kind of thing for a sinful and work-a-day humanity. Among the necessities of this school are—(1) that the heroines shall be of nervous temperament and constitutional delicacy, much given to hysterics, liable to sudden fainting-fits, and more or less displaying that form of scrofula which culminates in pulmonary consumption; (2) that the heroes shall be modern Sir Charles Grandisons, with a superabundance of starch in the conventional necktie, prone to fall madly in love with the scrofulous heroines, yet either concealing said love, as the Spartan boy concealed his fox, or proclaiming it by such wondrous deeds of daring as put the colder pages of history to shame; (3) that there shall be a general slaughter of fathers and mothers, and all such inconvenient persons as keep the heroines out of danger, want, and trouble, so that the agony shall be piled mountains high, and the slough of despond become fathoms deep; and (4) that every one shall talk like melodramatic heroes at the Surrey, and use the finest language and genteel sentiments at command. The author of

* *Ada Moore's Story*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

Ada Moore's Story fulfils all these conditions; adding some others of her own, rather more silly than the rest, of which a liberal use of French phrases where English would do quite as well, an inability to depict every-day life that is perfectly astounding in any one assuming to write of every-day life, and a decided weakness about the knees of her giants, may be cited as the most characteristic. Also, because she did not calculate accurately, she has "written short," and the printers have been obliged to cut up her sentences into a kind of press mincemeat, so as to spread out the matter into something like the orthodox number of pages. Sometimes three or four unimportant words are given as a full line; many pages are made up of separate paragraphs, consisting of one single sentence, running into two or three lines each; chapters are sometimes three pages, two pages and a bit, and so on—all which gives a strange spasmodic kind of gasp to the style that helps towards the general unsatisfactoriness of the book.

Ada Moore is the only child of two very beautiful and refined mortals. The mother, according to her miniature, painted when first betrothed—high-polite people are always betrothed, never engaged—showed "a sweet young female face of seventeen, with deep blue eyes full of intellect and love, the bloom of Hebe, a beautiful mouth, and long golden hair in rich profusion." The father had "a high, white, massive brow, dark eyes full of light, noble features, a clear pale complexion, and thick masses of raven hair, added to a tall form of perfect symmetry—the best type of manly beauty." These two paragons are of course "two that were one," as the authoress heads a three-page chapter, and they live a life of edifying unanimity. "The first thought of my father was not what he should like, but what would please my mother, and with my mother what would give most gratification to my father." Which we fear is a state of things rather more according to the sublime fancies of a lady novelist than according to the experience of married couples after the flesh. Living near these paragons was a certain Mr. Fenwick—a very terrible old gentleman indeed, who at the age of fifty takes a little Italian girl of eleven, educates her for five years, and marries her when sixteen. When we hear that "Mr. Fenwick gave up all manly pursuits to devote himself entirely to the moral, intellectual, and physical training of his hapless young wife," we are not surprised to read in a single line all by itself, "The marriage was a very unhappy one." He was a great bear certainly; would not allow hoops or crinoline; never suffered trinkets or jewels of any kind; made his young wife "wear her hair quite short, that no valuable time might be lost in dressing and adorning it"; cut off tea and coffee as enervating diet, and made her sup milk-porridge like a Border woman; kept her six hours at hard study daily by his side; would not allow a fire in her room, and gave her only a hard mattress to lie on; and finally, "one day in a mistaken zeal for the infant's benefit, he punished it so severely that it was seized with violent convulsions." "It was in town that this happened," says Ada Moore in a single line, for better emphasis. The consequence of this Spartan system of discipline was that Mrs. Fenwick ran away, and Mr. Fenwick could not find her again, though "he did not disdain to enlist detectives, and to set them to work." Upon which, and in the belief that she and the child had been lost in a certain shipwreck that occurred, he went into deep mourning, was never seen to smile, became almost blind, and positively morose, and frightened Ada Moore as a little girl whenever she met him roaming gloomily about "the woods, the moors, and the beach, with no guide but a very surly bull-dog and a stick." The account of Ada Moore's attack of scarlet-fever is wonderfully funny, in its total ignorance of the thing written about. The child is at the point of death, yet hears everything as distinctly, and reasons as acutely, as if she had been a grown man in full possession of his faculties. Everybody cries; the doctor, father and mother, male friends—all cry and sob, as indeed everybody does cry and sob on all possible occasions in this book; but the young lady takes a turn and recovers, as she was bound to do. Among others, broken-hearted before they had reason to be so, was a certain little boy, one Harry Blake, the supposed grandson of an old servant, Betty Blake by name, and Ada's fellow-student and playmate. He goes to a little sand-bed by the sea-shore called "Ada's cot," which was safe only at low water, and there cries, prays, and falls asleep; "when lo, a hand was laid on his shoulder, a voice sounded in his ear, and its words were, 'Wake, wake, and arise, Harry Blake, the tide is coming in, a few minutes more and you are lost!'" Harry wakes and sees a tall pale woman dressed in grey, and with her hood drawn over her face, leaning over him.

"Follow me," she said, clasping his hand with one of icy coldness; "but for the Providence that sent me to rouse you, you must have been drowned in your sleep."

"I thank you for the interest you have taken in my safety," said Harry, "but if I could pass away without committing a crime that admits of no pardon, since it shuts out all repentance, I should be glad to die."

"Why so, Harry Blake?" asked the woman in grey. "What grief can a youth of your age have known, to make death seem desirable?"

"The dark angel hovers over Moordell Vicarage," he said, bursting into tears; "the Vicar, that kind, that learned, that noble-hearted man! Dear, lovely, gentle Mrs. Moore! Oh, they will die! for they will never survive their only child."

"What ails their daughter?" asked the woman in grey.

"She is dying," he sobbed out, "of the scarlet-fever. She had two new doctors to-day, and they have no hope. I have seen her every day for so many years. We have learnt our lessons and played together, for she has no pride. Oh, that I could die to save her life!" By this time they had reached the skirts of the forest that sloped down towards the sea.

"Await me here," said the woman. "I have a remedy which never yet failed to cure the most malignant scarlet-fever. If the doctors have given

the poor child up, her parents will be willing to try it—as drowning men cling to a straw. But no; instead of awaiting me here, go on your way till you come to the large yew-tree at the entrance of the lane leading to the churchyard. I will join you there."

There was something so ghost-like and mysterious about the tall, thin form of the woman in grey, her face was so pale, her eyes so large and hollow, her hands so thin and white, and her voice so hard and sepulchral, that young Harry felt a thrill of awe as he watched her disappear among the fir-trees. The moon was so bright, and all was so silvery-white outside and so ebony-black within the forest, that the scene lent a sort of ghostly character to this strange adventure, &c.

After a time the ghost in grey came back again with two phials and very careful directions as to which was to be taken inwardly, and which rubbed outside the throat, adding, "But the directions are written on the label of each phial"; which was a piece of prosaic practicality scarcely to be looked for in a high-polite ghostly person talking a species of blank verse. Where she had picked up these infallible remedies does not exactly appear; for, as she is no other than the lost Mrs. Fenwick living in disguise near her husband, and watching over the safety of her son, "young Harry Blake," she must have made good use of her time and scanty opportunities for gaining knowledge and experience.

Another very funny episode is Ada's first love affair, and the extraordinary rapidity with which events "march" between her and Mr. Roscommon Lyall. Two interviews settle the business, and papa and mamma, with a precipitancy unworthy of paragons, give their consent to their daughter's engagement to a stranger of whom they know absolutely nothing. When papa dies and Ada is proved to be no heiress, as was thought likely, Mr. Roscommon Lyall declares off in the shabbiest manner, and Ada is left to wear the willow instead of the orange-blossoms at which she had made so hasty a snatch; some possibility of future bud-dings lying in the direction of Harry Blake, who is the faithful Corydon to the Roscommon Don Juan. Also the grim, gaunt, six-foot-four, blind, and aged Mr. Fenwick of Fenwick Park, harshly and peremptorily demands the young lady in marriage, as being of the plastic sort best suited to his nature; but though the maternal paragon a little inclines that way—the amiable Cyclops must be at the least seventy-five years of age by now—the young lady's aversion is unconquerable, and the woman in grey is saved the fuss of a melodramatic forbidding of the banns. Harry Blake now takes up the running, and soon becomes the favourite. But, unlike the rosebud class to which Ada Moore belongs, pride of birth is with her of greater force than love, and she rather meanly shrinks from Harry because he is the grandson, or supposed to be the grandson, of old Betty Blake; notwithstanding that he is handsome, well-educated, famous in his way, a thorough gentleman in mind and manner, and desperately in love—as he has been all his life. In the end, however, the woman in grey, who has glided after them all to Italy, sets crooked things straight and makes dark things plain; and the upshot is that the Cyclops and his victim come together again, Ada and Harry make a match of it, a certain old count gets back his diamonds which he had given to *la pauvre* when he thought she might be wanting money, and Ada signs her name for the last time as Ada Moore. For which the weary reader experiences a deep sense of relief and gratitude. There are other choice bits of silliness in this extremely silly book—the whole story of Alphonse de Monleon and Lady Beatrice, for instance, which is as much below the serious criticism due to careful literary work as two barber's dummies are below artistic censure. They are mere barber's dummies, not attaining the dignity even of Madame Tussaud's wax figures—mere fragmentary simulacra of humanity, of sickly sweetness and impossible proportions, beautiful only to such critics as *Jemima Ann* reading her Sunday novel by the kitchen table, or to *Enery of Camberwell* studying high life in weekly numbers.

Two sorts of heroine are dear to the soul of the feminine novelist—she of the *Jane Eyre* type, ugly, forbidding, snub-nosed, and ill-dressed; and she of the *Rosa Matilda* stamp, seraphic, ecstatic, undeniably scrofulous, and fashioned out of wax and wadding touched up with carmine, not out of flesh and blood liable to catarrh and pimples. Of the two we scarcely know which is the more irritating; but *Jane Eyre* has at least the merit of vigour, whereas the beauty which the *Rosa Matildas* would represent is too sickly for any healthy person to accept without disgust. On the whole, *Ada Moore's Story* is a production which can only excite a smile, more or less contemptuous according to the nature of the smiler. From no one, however lenient, who is capable of criticizing at all, can it command respect, admiration, or the faintest emotion of pleasure.

FOLK-LORE OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.*

THE present volume consists of two parts. We have, first, a pleasant collection of stories of various kinds, mainly from the Bishopric of Durham and other parts of old Northumberland, but illustrated by kindred tales from other parts. Mr. Henderson has gathered up a large stock of old customs, popular rhymes and sayings, stories of witchcraft and of various supernatural beings, dreams, second-sight, and, by no means least in interest, legends of dragons, or, to give them their true old English name, worms. Mr. Henderson simply tells his stories, arranges them under their several heads, illustrates them by tales of the like kind elsewhere; but he makes no attempt to enter on the scientific side of his sub-

* Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders. By William Henderson. With an Appendix on Household Stories by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

ject. This he leaves to Mr. Baring-Gould, who seems to be really a comparative mythologist, and who, in his Appendix and in several notes scattered through the book, starts more than one valuable line of thought. Mr. Baring-Gould's phrase of "Story-Radicals" would not convey its meaning to everybody; but it is really delightful to see the business-like way in which he takes the leading ideas—the roots as he calls them—of the various tales, and puts them in a tabular form under various heads, looking at first sight like an analysis or a genealogical table. These "roots" he likens to the roots of philology; the different tales which branch off from them, like the different words which branch off from a philological root, grow into shapes very unlike the original and very unlike one another, and yet a critical eye can very easily detect their identity. Thus, to take an instance not given by Mr. Baring-Gould, Cambyases, in the story told by Herodotus, shoots the son in the presence of the father; Eadgar, in the legend which has displaced so large a portion of his true history, shoots the father in the presence of the son; in either case the survivor, with a sort of servile presence of mind, expresses his admiration of the royal skill. Now these stories are evidently the same; father and son simply change places to suit the necessity of the case. It is not so clear, but it is highly probable, that they really spring from the same origin as the ubiquitous *Tellsage*, where the father has to shoot at his son. Mr. Baring-Gould, true to his immediate object, has chiefly confined himself to what are strictly Household Stories, several of which he works out at some length. But exactly the same principle applies to the stories which have found their way into history and into mythology of the higher kind. The formation of legend follows exactly the same course, whether the actors introduced are gods, or kings, or millers and tailors. Mr. Baring-Gould therefore, though, in his more elaborate exposition, he confines himself to the Household Stories, gives several old Greek and other mythological tales a place in his classified analysis. The *Tellsage* itself comes in, but it is placed in a class of tales in which a man "obtains supremacy" through his cunning or skill. But surely the kindred between the parties concerned is an essential element in the tale, and this rather connects it, in however remote a degree, with the legends of Cambyases and Eadgar. But, in any case, the notion of such a tabular classification is a good one, whatever we may think of the particular arrangement drawn out by Mr. Baring-Gould. We may add that, in calling him a comparative mythologist, we do not at all mean that he goes into the profounder mysteries of the origin of mythology. For instance, he is satisfied with placing the stories of Odysseus and Penelope, of Heracles and Deianeira, under various heads of the class of stories about husbands and wives, without entering on the question whether Heracles or Odysseus really is or is not the sun.

One of the best of Mr. Baring-Gould's specimens is the Yorkshire story of the Fish and the Ring, in which a remarkable number of familiar stories seem worked up together. He shows that we have here the story of Romulus, Cyrus, &c., together with the story of Polykrates. On this last "root" he does give us a little mythology in the strictest sense. "I am not sure that it has not a mythical signification, and that the ring apparently lost in the sea, and recovered from it again, does not portray the sun cast, as it were, by the power of darkness into the deep, and recovered again by the virgin Aurora or the dawn." Professor Müller or Mr. Cox must tell us whether this is orthodox. But the girl carrying a letter ordering her own death is a female version of a character who appears in many shapes, from Bellerophon to Godwine. And this last group of tales again must be divided into two—those in which, as in the case of Bellerophon, the letter is delivered, and those in which, as in the case of Godwine and the Yorkshire girl, it is exchanged for one of an opposite tenor.

But we must not let the more scientific inquiries of Mr. Baring-Gould make us wholly forget the praiseworthy collections of Mr. Henderson, which form the main staple of the book. Tales, such as Mr. Baring-Gould can practise upon, form of course only one element out of several; the customs and superstitions of the country naturally form one of the most important. We do not know whether the North of England is really richer in this sort of thing than other districts, or whether it is simply that the mine has been better worked; certain it is, that one always finds more of it coming from the North than from any other strictly English part of the island. Probably both causes combine, and probably both causes are themselves alike results of that separation in various ways which distinguished ancient Northumberland from the rest of England long after the other parts of the country were thoroughly welded together. In such a country old usages and old beliefs have naturally lingered longer than elsewhere, and for the same reason there has always been a spirit of local curiosity and local patriotism ready to mark and record every local peculiarity. Next to the North, the richest part of England in this way is the West. A very large proportion of Mr. Henderson's parallel or contrasted illustrations come from Devonshire. Here again we are dealing with a country which has a distinct character. Its remoteness from the capital and from great towns in general, the character of its scenery, and, not least, the predominance of ancient Welsh blood in its inhabitants, all help to make the West a land of legend and superstition and old usage as well as the North. We do not believe that the unromantic midland counties have any such stores to produce. At any rate, if any

ancient deities still linger there, they are unfortunate in their lack of prophets.

One hardly knows where to begin in selecting from such stores as Mr. Henderson's. We open casually at what he tells us about "elf-stones." The belief in this superstition extends from Shetland to Cornwall, and Mr. Baring-Gould, in a note, recognises it in several Scandinavian sagas. The elves are supposed to shoot cows and other animals with stone arrows. This belief is undoubtedly founded, as Mr. Henderson says, on the existence and frequent discovery of real flint arrow-heads, the weapons of earlier races. The extinct inhabitants of a country almost always find a place in its mythology as supernatural beings, and some mythical account is given of their surviving antiquities. Thus the trolls are in popular belief quartered in ancient barrows, and every kind of amazing legend is told about cromlechs and standing-stones, from Stonehenge downwards. So the elf-bolts are undoubtedly the weapons of the flint-folk; but we do not see why Mr. Henderson, whose name seems to witness his Scandinavian descent, should speak of them as "the flint-arrow heads of our ancestors." The most remarkable elf-bolt on record is probably that which the devil shot, not at a cow or a horse, but at Saint Dunstan himself, while yet Abbot of Glastonbury. It knocked off the saint's cap, but missed his head. But the point of the story is that, as Dunstan's biographer, Mr. Green, puts it, "No stone of the kind, big or little, was to be found within the borders of Somerset." Modern science equally bears its witness to the fact that the elf-bolts are constantly found made of materials quite strange to the district where they are found. It was something for a saint of the tenth century to notice such differences. "Dunstan," we are told, "bade the stone be preserved in safe-keeping, and so became, it would seem, the first geologist of the West."

Then, about dragons or worms. Every now and then one reads a story of some one having seen something of the sort quite lately. There was a paragraph in the papers only last year about a dragon or crocodile or saurian of some kind, which somebody saw, not in Northumberland or Devon, but in an everyday county like Oxfordshire, within the last thirty years. Then there is the dragon, which by the way has no wings, which was seen by many people swimming up the Reuss in 1499, and of which Diebold Schilling, the chronicler of Luzern, gives us a picture. Mr. Henderson helps to several of their kindred, far more dangerous, it would seem, than the specimens seen at Luzern and in Oxfordshire. We have the Worms of Sockburn, Pollard, Lambton, Linton, and Spindleston Heugh. In the first two cases lands and manors were held of the Bishop by presenting to each prelate on his accession the sword with which the monster was slain. The Lambton Worm has twined himself into a vast mass of local and family tradition. One part of the story seems to contain elements cognate with the stories of Ægeus and Jephthah. The hero, Sir John Lambton, Knight of Rhodes, after killing the Worm, has, by order of a prophetic, to kill the first living thing which meets him on his way home. If he failed to do this, no lord of Lambton for nine generations was to die in his bed. He took precautions for his dog to meet him, but unluckily his father came first. The father was not killed, and the dog was; but the curse, we are told, was fulfilled, the last of the nine dying accidentally in 1761. Two of the nine met their deaths on the King's side in the Civil Wars. Mr. Henderson claims a peculiar character for his Northumbrian dragons. The South of England, he tells us, has nothing analogous, which is odd, as the dragon is the West-Saxon ensign. In South Wales we can testify that dragon stories do occur, and we should want a little more inquiry before we ventured to say that there are none in the South of England. In Scandinavia, of course, there are plenty; but the Swedish and Norwegian worms have a covetous trick of watching over treasures in the bowels of the earth, and of late years it has not been usual to slay them, with the exception of one shot by a priest in 1631.

Mr. Henderson takes occasion from the dragon stories to go off into somewhat of a theological meditation on their symbolical meaning. Our transition therefore to the following good story is quite natural:—

A country minister, after attending a meeting of his presbytery, had to return home alone, and very late, on a dark evening. While riding in a gloomy part of the road, his horse stumbled, and the good man was suddenly flung to the ground. A loud laugh followed, so scornful and so weird, that the minister felt no doubt of the quarter whence it proceeded. However, with a stout heart, he remounted without delay, and continued his journey, crying out, "Ay, Satan, ye may laugh; but when I fall, I can get up again; when ye fall, ye never rose"—on which a deep groan was heard. This was firmly believed to have been an encounter with the Evil Spirit, and a great triumph for the dauntless minister.

ARMY PURCHASE.*

IT is only by a great effort, such as enabled Swift to imagine what life would be among Brobdingnagians and Lilliputians, that a British officer of our day can bring himself to conceive a military system without purchase. It is not merely that the vast field of speculation would be closed which now gives to promotion much of the excitement of railway scrip or shares in the Atlantic cable, and renders the questions of Wilkinson's exchange, and the sum which old Potter will take to sell, of such paramount regimental importance. Beyond all this, a great change would be

* *The Purchase System in the British Army.* By Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B. Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

found in the type of the gentlemen who command Her Majesty's troops. Those reformers who advocate the abolition of the present system contend that it would greatly improve the type; and though this is a question with two sides, still, whether they are right or wrong, it is certain the British officer would not remain as he is. He might have more good qualities, or as many, or fewer, but they would not be the same qualities; he would be quite a different personage in many important particulars; and the question is thus one not only of class interest, but of national moment.

Besides being officially connected with the subject, Sir Charles Trevelyan long ago took part in discussions respecting it, so that we probably have in his pamphlet on the purchase system, since he is one of its chief opponents, all that is to be said against it. His first objection is that it is based on a money qualification. "Purchase and professional qualification are," he says, "antagonistic and incompatible principles." Here his partisanship leads him rather too far. Before an ensign can become a lieutenant, or a lieutenant a captain, he must satisfy a board of superior officers that he possesses certain prescribed qualifications for the step. As these, however, though very practical and necessary, are not difficult of attainment, and as no such ordeal is required before promotion to other grades, the objection so far holds good that purchase and superior professional qualification are principles having no necessary connexion; and, the condition prescribed being satisfied, "those who have ready money at their disposal must be appointed and promoted even in preference to other better-qualified persons." Thus "idle young men, who dislike the restraints of school, and desire to lead an easy, enjoyable life, are attracted to the army as the only profession in which advancement depends not so much upon personal qualifications as upon a certain amount of money." So far we will go with Sir Charles. We will agree that the army is largely composed of young men who would not look forward to a life of hard work and competition with any particular delight, and who would not, under its conditions, be very successful; in fact such youths as, a year or two earlier, formed the mass of scholars at our public schools. As a rule, the parents of boys who have shown such industry and talent as to give promise of a fair career in a learned profession do not put them into the army. Popular opinion, however, at the present time, does less than justice to military officers in its estimate of their mental qualities. They are often men of sound practical good sense, often more than commonly disposed and fitted for enterprise and adventure, often men of accomplishment, often men honestly devoted to their profession. Nevertheless, judged by the educational standard of our day, they do not often possess deep special, or general culture, or extensive reading, or great power of application; and we can thus agree with the general proposition, that a good deal of the intellect is already sifted out of each generation of youth before it gives its contribution to the army. And as the best officers are no more likely than others to possess wealth, the purchase system greatly increases the chances that would otherwise exist in favour of the men who rise in the army not being men who would have attained distinction in other professions.

Next, the pamphlet enlarges on the text that "the encouragement which the purchase system gives to young men of fortune to enter the army as a fashionable pastime, aggravates the pecuniary embarrassments of those who desire to follow it as a profession." This is a matter affecting the class rather than the public. No doubt it is a great misfortune that men should be tempted, or in a manner compelled, by the instinct of social competition, to live beyond their means; still, as a rule, officers in the army do not overstep their resources oftener than men of other professions, and those of superior wealth generally congregate in particular regiments. The effect is not so much to incite the poorer man to increased expenditure as to place him at a social disadvantage; but, as society—or rather as human nature—is constituted, that is an inevitable consequence of the inequalities of fortune, and to vie with our richer neighbours is not the special foible of any single section of the community. Whether the writer means to say that it might possibly be desirable to establish sumptuary laws in the army, combining the simplicity of Spartan meals with the ascetic habits of life of the original Knight-Templars, we cannot say; but we think it is clear that, taking people as they are, young men who have money will spend a good deal of it in procuring enjoyment, and that such a propensity has no particular connexion with the purchase system. The chief objection to that system is that it makes money, rather than merit, the condition of advancement; and, besides unduly elevating men to positions which might be filled to more advantage, lowers the professional tone by making systematic trafficking a condition of preferment. These are indisputable evils; and it is equally indisputable that a system by which the high places of the army would be occupied by those best fitted for them would be the right substitute—if we could only find it. Sir Charles Trevelyan's remedy is competition for entrance, followed by promotion based on the combined principles of seniority and selection, and accelerated by various minor contrivances. He would begin by submitting the candidates for the army (nominated, as at present, by the Commander-in-Chief, and thereby subjected to a certain filtering process) to an examination highly competitive, and calculated to elicit whatever educational acquirements they might possess. Now such a process must be based on the assumption that regimental duty would be better done if those who do it were more highly educated, and that superior talent and culture are necessary for the discharge of ordinary military functions. Here is at once obvious matter for dispute; for many who are well acquainted with the duties

of a subaltern or captain, both in peace and war, will contend that these can be performed perfectly well by the average young English gentleman, and that a body of scholars and philosophers would perform them no better. The contrary idea appears to have arisen from a consideration of the necessity, which undoubtedly exists, that the men who direct the operations of armies should possess superior endowments and acquirements, and that officers of the staff and the scientific corps should be highly trained. In a confused generalizing way, this perfectly just opinion is extended and made to include the whole army—as if officers of the line and cavalry were liable to be constantly called on to perform the functions proper to other branches of the service. In order to bring an increased portion of the talent of each generation into the army we must divert it from other channels where there is already too little, thus augmenting our already too frequent liability to hear dull sermons, to pay for bad law, and to entrust our ailments to incapable physicians. Meanwhile we should deprive that large portion of our youth which (as recent inquiries into our public-school system testify) never obtains any appreciable degree of scholastic proficiency, of the career which seems naturally offered to the eagerness for perilous enterprise, the power of endurance, and the high spirit that go to form the ideal military character. Many a youth who was the despair of his tutors has led his men against the enemy with a gallantry equal to that of the ancient heroes of whose deeds he could be prevailed upon to learn so little; and, for dogged holding of a dangerous post, commend us to your valiant dunce.

The army would appear, then, to be the natural resource of a class of men who may make excellent officers though they might not have shone in other professions; and, whether the purchase system be good or bad, we do not think competitive examination would be a desirable substitute. The absence of any high standard of mental requirement is one main reason why officers holding the social position which ours do can be found to serve for such exceedingly small remuneration. It is not to be supposed that young men, conscious of such superior powers and attainments as give fair promise of success in civil life, will be anxious to compete for the pay of a subaltern, with the prospect of entitling themselves to the not munificent emoluments of a field-officer by the time they would have arrived, in a learned profession, at competence and distinction. A necessary condition, therefore, of this new order of things must be a large increase of military pay; and this is one of the steps proposed by Sir Charles Trevelyan in which we can most heartily concur. To any one who considers the subject it must appear unaccountable that men can be found, of social position such as that of our officers, willing to submit to the many restrictions and hardships of military life for so inconsiderable a remuneration. That they can be found is owing to several causes—to the general over-stocking of professions, to the absence of the high educational standard which exercises elsewhere a prohibitory effect, to the social consideration accorded to military rank, and to the prospect of associating with those of their own class, and, whatever their taste may be, of finding companions to suit them. So long as, by the action of these causes, officers can be got at a cheap rate, it is very unlikely that the country will volunteer to pay them better; for, looking at the past relations existing between the nation and the army, economy, not liberality, has been the ruling principle. We are afraid, therefore, that Sir Charles Trevelyan is much too sanguine when he contemplates a larger expenditure, not only as a necessary condition of the reforms he advocates, but as one that will be cheerfully acquiesced in.

But we have by no means reviewed the whole of the scheme detailed in the pamphlet, for an important part of it is to increase largely the number of commissions bestowed upon those who pass through the ranks, appropriating at least one-third in this way. "The qualification would be," says the writer, "not superior proficiency in literature and science, but character and conduct befitting the condition of an officer." But this character and conduct are exactly the strong points of the present candidates for the army; and, by admitting these merits alone as the necessary qualifications for a part of our officers, Sir Charles is abandoning his main position, that "superior proficiency in literature and science," as elicited by a competitive examination, is a proper test of fitness for a commission. His scheme, if it answered his expectations, would give us an army officered partly by gentlemen of superior attainments, partly by men raised from the ranks and not of superior attainments; and he seems to suppose that these incongruous elements would at once unite and work together harmoniously—the well-bred and well-educated men cheerfully associating with the men of far inferior social position and intellectual culture. Can anybody who understands our social system seriously regard such a plan as other than Utopian? Of course such a state of things, removing some of the main inducements to our present class of officers to enter the army—namely, the prospect of associating with those of their own class and of enjoying a high social position—would end by leaving the army to be officered principally or altogether by those raised from the ranks.

The reason, however, it appears, for desiring this infusion from the ranks is not so much to change the character of our officers, as to hold out a fresh inducement to men of a better class than our present recruiting system affords to enter the army. It is argued that if the chances of obtaining a commission were greatly increased, our yeomanry and middle-classes generally would be attracted to the ranks as the portal to a field of honourable ambition. Possibly this effect might follow; but, on the other hand,

we think the change would, by depriving us of a large proportion of our present class of officers, completely alter the character of the service. And we believe the desired end, that of raising the character of the army, would be much more effectually ensured by the plan of short enlistment, ending with service in the Reserve, which we have so often advocated.

Having secured the necessary number of candidates by competition, Sir Charles Trevelyan proposes to pass them through a military college before joining their regiments, after which their successive steps of promotion must depend chiefly on seniority. But as the inevitable result of such a system is a degree of stagnation which, in time of peace, fills each rank with officers comparatively so advanced in age that the higher grades are held by men who no longer possess the necessary vigour for command, he would provide for this by combining with seniority a principle of selection. It is the chief merit of the purchase system that it enables officers who at least have the recommendation of youth and activity to rise to commands; and this advantage it is proposed, in the new scheme, to secure by selecting for promotion officers who have satisfactorily proved themselves best fitted for it—"confining," however, "exceptional promotions to cases the justice of which would be generally acknowledged." Nobody can dispute that this method would be not only better than the present, but actually perfect; but, having gone thus far, we must again part company with Sir Charles, for when we come to the means for securing so admirable a result, we find the difficulty, we may say impracticability, of devising them imparting to his language the vagueness which is its natural result. While at college, we are told, "the young men should be sifted on the main points of character which constitute fitness for command"—a somewhat hazy process to begin with. Then, after entrance to the army,

at each half-yearly inspection the officer commanding the regiment should submit a distinct and explicit statement of the qualifications of his officers under given heads, and the general officer should take any means he thinks proper to verify it, by questioning the officers, by calling upon them to put the regiment or companies through their exercise, field-movements, and evolutions, or by examining the state of their companies, the defaulter's books, soldiers' accounts, &c.

But this is very much what is done at present, though certainly not with any view to the selection of officers for promotion by so arbitrary and uncertain an ordeal. It is just because these peace tests would altogether fail as a criterion of the qualities most essential to the officer's real business, the business of war, that we should be sorry to see them substituted even for the present system. The preliminaries to any plan of selection must be, first, the establishment of a standard of qualification, not for barrack and parade duties, but for war; and, secondly, a competent tribunal to decide on the claims of candidates. In the way of this there would unfortunately be enormous difficulties. Men would not like to be dependent for their success in life on the verdict of boards, or commissioners, or inspecting officers—a mode of decision arbitrary, questionable, and wearing a very different aspect from the process by which success is determined in civil life, where, as a rule, the best lawyers get most clients, and surgeons and physicians obtain practice in direct proportion to the estimate which the public forms of their skill.

We cannot help thinking that Sir Charles Trevelyan—always, we believe, an advocate of the competitive system—has succeeded in persuading himself, as earnest advocates of systems so often do, that there is nothing like leather. In his ardour for the cause we daresay he would like to examine the Bench of Bishops competitively, in order to the selection of a Primate of England. The process would be at least equally inapplicable to the purpose he now suggests; nevertheless, though we cannot believe in the efficacy of the scheme he proposes to substitute for the purchase system, there are many topics in his pamphlet which the reader will find well handled and worthy of consideration, the evils of promotion by purchase being placed in a strong light. But we think he greatly exaggerates the importance of those evils; and we are confident that our regimental officers are not (as some passages in his pamphlet seem to imply) inferior to those of Continental armies. On the contrary, their quality is of the best; all they want is a system of regimental instruction more consonant to the facts of contemporary war, and which should, in time of peace, prepare them for actual duties in the field.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDINS.*

IT is curious that the French, who are so tolerant of political change, should be conspicuously averse to that intellectual iconoclasm which characterizes our conservative selves. Owing to this mental bias of our neighbours (Mr. Matthew Arnold would say owing to their more solid critical system), the great literary idols of France keep their places in public esteem while ours are constantly getting knocked down from their pedestals. With us it almost passes for depth to speak contemptuously of the accepted classics of the language. Many sapient persons think it bodes well in a young writer if he reviles Byron and Pope. Now this is what no Frenchman who values his name can afford to do. M. Taine has indeed ventured to declare that the poems of Boileau are piteous twaddle, and are hardly poetry at all. He has even called in question the merits of Racine. But M. Taine stands nearly alone amongst French critics. His temerity has been rebuked, and he

has not shaken the national faith in the authors of *Athalie* and the *Ludrin*.

Arguing from such a tendency, we should be disposed to believe that it must be long before the works of M. de Lamartine cease to occupy a high place in the literary Fasti of France. Apart from the interest which must long attach to the productions of a man who, whatever his defects as a politician, will always be rated amongst the most gifted personages of his time, many of his volumes will continue to be read for their intrinsic merits. His later books have been composed with rapidity, to meet the pressing pecuniary wants of the moment, so that few of them will bear frequent and attentive perusal. But the "*Chute d'un Ange*," the "*Jocelyn*," and other works which bear his name, if over full of vague and vaporous sentiment, have nevertheless many sparks of the true melodious fire, of the *mens divinior* which has been so seldom inherited by the poets of France.

Looking at the *Histoire des Girondins* as a literary performance, it is not surprising that M. de Lamartine's contemporaries should have ascribed to its publication a share in that "*Revolution of Contempt*" which destroyed the throne of July. In spite of grave positive defects, the *Histoire des Girondins* is a powerful, and even an instructive, work. It would be absurd to try it by a standard which cannot apply to works written for the million rather than for the cultivated few. The author expressly disclaimed on its behalf all pretensions to the matured and solemn dignity of history proper. In his own estimate it was a little less than history, and a little more than a set of biographical sketches. To original erudition it has no more pretence than Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War*, or the same author's *Revolt of the Netherlands*. Like M. Thiers, the historian of the Girondins quotes no authorities, and his labour is a mere compilation from sources easy of access, most of them second-hand. In some cases, as in the famous banquet of the Girondins on the eve of their execution, M. de Lamartine has, with true poetic license, followed the manner of the ancients by placing in the mouths of his characters speeches which were never delivered at all. Neither can it be denied that undue sacrifices are made for the sake of antithesis, epigram, and effect. Nevertheless it would be an error to suppose that this history is full of falsehoods, still more that it abounds in grotesque caricatures of chronology and fact of the sort so popular with the admirers of Sir Archibald Alison. No one would consult the book for details, but it should be mentioned, on the other hand, that many circumstances are narrated with an impartiality to which certain writers of higher historical repute can lay no claim. Sir Cornwall Lewis observes that the writers of Voltaire's time were far more cosmopolitan in thought than the writers of recent Orleanist France. The remark is a sound one, but M. de Lamartine cannot be accused of the narrow prejudices which characterize many of his contemporaries, and notably M. Thiers. For instance, we find him doing rigorous justice to Lord Chatham, Lord Thurlow, Pitt, Burke, George III., the Emperor Leopold, and the rest of the great enemies of France. The view which he takes of Pitt's conduct to the Coalition, and to the French diplomatic agents after the execution of Louis XVI., is singularly in advance of the general tone of French historic opinion in 1848, and M. de Lamartine's account of those transactions may be confidently recommended to the notice of Earl Russell. The author of the *Life of Fox* will be surprised to hear that M. de Lamartine considers that Talleyrand and Chauvelin, during the latter days of their residence in London, were secretly negotiating with the heads of our Parliamentary Opposition while keeping up an appearance of proper diplomatic behaviour to amuse Pitt.

Exceptions have been taken to the morality of this history. M. de Lamartine has been called a prophet of mischievous revolution, an apologist of hateful crime. But these charges seem to be void of solid foundation. When M. de Lamartine wrote, liberal Frenchmen clung more positively than they do now to the notion that the opening of the States-General in May, 1789, was the commencement of an epoch of glory and light. Against this view a reaction has since begun to set in. Men of the school of Prevost-Paradol and About are beginning to inquire whether France has really inherited from Mirabeau and Robespierre those blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity upon which so much eloquent declamation has been spent. Looking around them, they do not observe that France is full to overflowing of any one of these advantages, and, seeing this, they are asking themselves whether their fathers may not have set a false interpretation on a chapter of French history in which they themselves find so much to deplore. It is no reproach to M. de Lamartine that he took a view of the French Revolution which not all writers of his intellectual calibre would maintain now. Then it should be remembered that, like other illustrious Frenchmen of the Orleans period, the historian of the Girondins was tinged with republican opinions, so that, in glorifying the Revolution of 1789, he was glorifying political and moral doctrines which his reason and conscience approved. Nothing can be more groundless than the assertion that M. de Lamartine has shed a halo round those acts of hideous and nameless atrocity which have made their perpetrators and their abettors infamous for all time. The tragic events of the Revolution are crowded into so narrow a space, the canvass is so full of ghastly and unnatural sights, that no historian, whatever his tendency to pity or reaction, can pause at every fresh incident of horror, at the approach of every new monster that crosses his path, in order to pour forth the vials of his righteous wrath. Mignet and Louis Blanc narrate these events in

* *Histoire des Girondins*. Par A. de Lamartine. Édition illustrée. Paris: Armand le Chevalier.

the tone of fatalists and statisticians. Herr von Sybel gives a pragmatic account of the men of '89 and their doings, without indulging in the luxury of moral hysterics. Mr. Carlyle seldom transgresses the bounds of a certain æsthetic pity and indignation. Comparing M. de Lamartine with these writers, we cannot call him callous to suffering or tolerant of crime. Far from this, we must credit him with frequent bursts of human emotion which are much more than the mere devices of the literary artist, and seem to come from the depths of a noble and chivalrous soul. The trimming judgments passed by M. de Lamartine on the chief actors of the Revolution will not of course satisfy ardent Royalists, but until we have come to the conclusion that Robespierre and Danton were mere Belphegors let loose from hell, mere monsters whose depravity was utterly unchallenged by goodness of thought or aspiration, history must treat them much as M. de Lamartine has done. We doubt whether any other history not written with a professedly Royalist bias has treated the trial and execution of Louis XVI. in a spirit more just to the victim and more severe to the judges. The language used by M. de Lamartine is firmer, and more hostile to the Convention, than that to which we are accustomed in average English authors. The execution of the King is called, not an execution, but a murder. M. de Lamartine says of Louis in one place:—

Louis XVI, dégradé de la royauté, désarmé et prisonnier, coupable peut-être dans la lettre, était-il coupable dans l'esprit, si l'on considère la contrainte morale et physique de sa déplorable situation? Était-ce un tyran? Non. Un oppresseur du peuple? Non. Un fauteur de l'aristocratie? Non. Un ennemi de la liberté? Non. Tout son règne protestait, depuis son avènement au trône, de la tendance philosophique de son esprit et des instincts populaires de son cœur, à prémunir la royauté contre les tentations du despotisme, à faire monter les lois sur le trône, à demander des conseils à la nation, à faire régner par lui et en lui les droits et les intérêts du peuple. Prince révolutionnaire, il avait appelé lui-même la révolution à son secours. Il avait voulu lui donner beaucoup; elle avait voulu arracher davantage; de la lutte.

M. de Lamartine further says that, although the King might be accused of partial weakness and dissimulation, the people had treated him with cruel violence. In case of victory the King would have had no right to judge his people, neither could the people lawfully judge their King:—

La hache après le combat [adds the historian], et frappant un homme désarmé, au nom de ses ennemis, qu'est-elle dans toutes les langues? Un meurtre de sang-froid, sans excuse, du moment qu'il est sans nécessité, en un mot une immolation.

The vote of the Girondins, though the men of that party are the heroes of the book, is treated with great severity. M. Lamartine says:—

Pilatés de la monarchie et du roi, les Girondins livrèrent l'une au peuple, sans être convaincus de ses vices; livrèrent l'autre au peuple, sans être convaincus de sa criminalité; versant en public un sang qu'ils déploraient en secret, sentant sur leur langue le remords combattre avec l'arrêt, et se lavant les mains devant la postérité.

English critics have not failed to notice the fondness of some French writers for dwelling on the prurient details of history. It is well known how Michelet gloats over every fact or interpretation that tends that way. In this respect M. de Lamartine sets the example which might have been expected from the painter of the Platonic loves of "Raphael" and his chaste idol. He carefully sifts away gross circumstances which other historians have chosen to relate. As an example of the purity—we might almost say the modesty—of his language in dealing with such slippery details, we may quote his sketch of the youthful period of Madame Roland's career. Whoever remembers the piquant revelations of personal physiology with which that remarkable woman has flavoured her Memoirs will admire the delicate reticence of the historian of the Girondins, who resisted the temptation of reproducing statistics which would not have diminished the sale of a popular work.

That the intellectual merits of the book are of a very high order is more than we should care to assert. We should rate it on this count below the author's own History of the Restoration. It contains much powerful declamation of a heated oratorical sort, much poetical description of persons, places, and events, much fervent and generous sentiment. But there is no strong grasp or analysis of character, the outlines of the principal figures want precision and strength, there is no just proportion between fact and reflection, and we rise from the perusal full of foggy impressions and incomplete ideas which seem to belong to a magnificent phantasmagoria whose precise sense we have been unable to ascertain. It must be granted that the theme chosen by M. de Lamartine was ill-suited to his soft and voluptuous style. The grotesque and demoniac incidents of the Reign of Terror could not be properly brushed in with floods of gold, crimson, and azure. Such lurid scenes want the ghastly lighting and weird handling of a Rembrandt. The sunny and aristocratic groups of the Fronde and the Regency would have been more congenial subjects to an artist whose manner does not fit those violent outlines of democratic character and those brusque effects of popular passion which have never been adequately painted except by the sarcastic, searching, and mournful Carlyle.

Political gospels are sometimes measured by their influence on society at large, sometimes by their reflection in the lives and characters of those who preach them. Judged by either of these tests, M. de Lamartine's creed, whatever we may think of its abstract contents, can incur no great blame at our hands. As interpreted by himself in February, 1848, his doctrines were seen to be neither subversive, nor cruel, nor insane; while, judging from

the behaviour of the multitudes who had imbibed them, they were singularly dissuasive of a return to the sinister memories of '89, to traditions of horrible and vengeful crime.

LEECHDOMS, WORTCUNNING, AND STARCRAFT OF EARLY ENGLAND.*

HERE is a third, and it is to be hoped the last, instalment of *Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England*. We are confirmed in this hope by finding two glossaries and as many indices appended to the text, though they do not appear at the end of the volume, where they might have been expected; for after the conclusion of the last index of proper names we have an addition of fifty pages more, entitled "Historical Fragments," with a separate index of their own, referring to the names of persons and places. The editor himself probably does not estimate these Fragments at any high value, as he expresses his fear that no future opportunity will occur of rescuing them from the obscurity of their manuscript condition and the danger of destruction by fire. But they have proved of this value to the editor, that they have enabled him to write a fourth rambling and discursive preface, which extends very nearly to the length of the documentary matter that he has printed. It is not often that we have reason to complain of the editors of this series of works exceeding the reasonable liberty allowed by the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, "that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities; that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology." We observed in our review of his first volume† that Mr. Cockayne's genius did not lie in the direction of preface-writing. And we are obliged to add, that the only superiority that we can discover in the preface of 1866 to that of 1864 consists in the fact that the present is about one-third of the length of that which was prefixed to his first volume. Its relevancy to the subject-matter of the volume we are unable to discover.

The documents of which the volume consists admit of being roughly divided into three classes:—1. Recipes; 2. Prognostics; 3. Starcraft; and the editor introduces his reader to the subject by a slight sketch of the learning which he supposes to prevail among the more learned of our rude Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and the ignorance of the vulgar which we must admit is sufficiently established by the contents of the volume itself, which also goes some way towards disproving the learning of the better classes. After this we are told that there is an element of truth—which we take leave to think it would be very surprising if there were not—in Saxon mythology. Next follows another little dissertation on Divination by Dreams, à propos we suppose of the treatise on Prognostics. And here we are referred to the various authorities on the subject—Mother Shipton, Aristotle and other Greek writers on dreams; from which by an easy transition we pass on to Astrology, which we are told is "the abuse of the study of the stars" which "has been closely connected with its legitimate use." As far as we can make out, the object of all this is to defend the Saxon credulity and superstition by showing that there must have been Greeks who were taken in by the same absurdities. After quoting a passage from Galen, and another which passes under the name of Hermes, which perhaps no one but a Reviewer will have the patience to read through, he observes:—

When the proper astronomical signs are employed, talk of this kind is enough to captivate the imagination of many a man sober and prudent enough in his daily affairs and capable of making money.

On the rest of the preface we forbear to make any other remark than that it consists of a dissertation on the identity of Ælfrie, the author of a translation of Bede's work *De Temporibus*, with Ælfrie, Archbishop of Canterbury, and several other Ælfrics, from all of whom the editor thinks he has successfully distinguished him. This is the only part of Mr. Cockayne's preface that has any right to appear in this volume. And it does duty here as the introduction to the only part of his volume which possesses any real value. This is the part entitled "A Treatise on Astronomy and Cosmogony," which certainly contains some interesting matter, and illustrates both the amount of knowledge possessed by our ancestors in the tenth century and the good sense possessed by Ælfrie, and perhaps some other ecclesiastics. It is the only redeeming feature in the volume, which is, with this single exception, full of the most wearisome nostrums, some perhaps of real efficacy, others as absurd a mixture of leechcraft and starcraft as can be imagined. But we desire to speak with all respect of Ælfrie's astronomical knowledge, as well as of his ideas of cosmogony, which are much more sensible than most of what is written on this subject at the present day. The treatise contains, in fact, a very good account of the outlines of plane astronomy, on the hypothesis that the earth is the centre of the universe round which the stars and the sun and moon take their daily course. And though the author does not mean his work to be a sermon, as he himself says at its commencement, but rather intends it to be read for pleasure or information, yet he very naturally and religiously draws out the

* *Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England; being a Collection of Documents, for the most part never before printed, illustrating the History of Science in this Country before the Norman Conquest.* Collected and Edited by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A. Cantab. Vol. III. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

† See *Saturday Review* for July 16, 1864.

moral precepts which his subject seems to suggest, illustrating it, as was natural, by a reference to the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis. Thus

The sun betokeneth our healer Christ, who is the sun of righteousness, as said the prophet. To the men who dread the name of God, to them shall arise the sun of righteousness, and healing on his wings. The moon which waxeth and waneeth betokeneth this present church or congregation in which we are. It is waxing through children born and waning by men deceased. The bright stars betoken the faithful in God's congregation who shine in a godly way of life. Christ then illuminates them all through His grace, as the gospeller Johannes said. The sooth light came which lighteth every man coming to this world. None of us hath any light of any goodness except of Christ's grace, who is called the sun of true righteousness.

The ordinary phenomena of the changes of seasons, and the variations in the lengths of day and night, the phases of the moon, &c. are all correctly explained. And perhaps, if the author's sensible advice had been followed, we should not have had to notice the absurdities of the rest of the volume. Whilst discussing the appearances of the moon and her path in the heavens, he cautions all readers against superstitious observances, saying—"No Christian man should do anything of witchery by the moon; if he doth his belief is naught." Yet the author, with a pardonable inconsistency, pleads for the less usual phenomena, such as the appearance of a comet, as "betokening something new at hand to the people over which they shine." The idea that the universe turned round on an axis was of course universally prevalent, but the suggestion that the axis actually passed through the northern pole-star, and another star in the south specially invented for the occasion, indicates a less degree of knowledge than was possessed in some quarters of the world at the beginning of the eleventh century. Again, the observation that Aretos, "which laymen call the churl's wain," never goes down under the earth as other constellations do, and the guess that there is another set of stars in the south resembling this, which we are never able to see, seem to show an ignorance of the different appearances of the heavens, according to the latitude of the place of observation, which we are scarcely able to account for, as the rest of the treatise is quite inconsistent with such a supposition of ignorance in its writer. It is interesting to see how little difficulty the author found in reconciling natural and secondary causes with the idea of a Supreme Governor and First Cause. Thus he begins his account of rain with the statement that it comes through the power of God, and he proceeds to explain its formation by the air licking up and drawing the wet from all the earth and from the sea, and gathering it into showers, "and when it can bear no more, then it falleth down dissolved in rain, and at whiles is dissipated by means of the winds with their blasts, at whiles through the heat of the sun." Then, after quoting the instance of Elijah in vindication of the efficacy of prayer, he ends with the observation:—"In fact, the power of God ordereth all weathers, He who manages all things without difficulty. He would not be almighty if any arranging were a difficulty to him. His name is *Omnipotens*—i.e. Almighty, because he is able to do all that he willet, and his power nowhere is put to effort." In fine, we recommend the whole passage to Mr. Kingsley, if ever he should see fit to reprint and correct his sermon against Prayer.

It will be seen that this treatise bears out the promise of Mr. Cockayne's title-page. It may fairly be considered as worth printing, because it illustrates "the history of science in this country before the Norman Conquest." Whether or not the rest of the volume is entitled to the same recommendation the reader may judge for himself from the following extracts taken almost at random—one from the Recipes, one from the Prognostics:—

For wens at a man's heart take cucumber and radish, and then small rape and garlic and southernwood and cingfoil and pepper on honey unsodden; wring through a cloth, and then pepper it and then boil strong.

This will suffice perhaps as a specimen of the science. The next extract will serve to illustrate the superstition of Saxon times, though probably a good deal of it survived for some centuries, if indeed it has not in some degree lasted to the present time:—

The sixteenth moon is profitable for nothing but for thieving. He who gets away will be announced dead. A child then born will be hospitable, energetic, steady, in his age better and better, will have a token on his face. A maiden will have a token on her right side, be quick-witted, loved of all. The sick as above (i.e. if not recovered after three days will have a hard time of it). A dream will be fulfilled after a long time and be a deception. 'Tis a good moon for letting blood.

As a last specimen of conclusions which may be supposed to have been elicited from some sort of induction, we offer the following fragment:—

Again, there is another method about these matters that you may know about a pregnant woman of whether sex she is to bear a child. If she walks tardy and has hollow eyes, she will bear a boy; if she goes quick and has swollen eyes, she will bear a girl. Again, another method: take two worts in hand—namely, lily and rose—carry them to a pregnant woman, bid her take whether of the two she chooses of those worts, if she takes a lily, she will bear a boy; if she takes a rose, she will bring forth a girl. Again, there is another method, by observing if the woman steps more with the heels upon the earth, she will bring forth a boy; if she treads more with the toes, she will have a girl. Again, another matter—if a woman be four or five months gone with child, and she then is often eating nuts or acorns, or any fresh fruits, then it sometimes happens that the child turns out silly. Again, there is another matter—if she eats bull's, or ram's, or buck's, or bear's, or cock's, or gander's flesh, or that of any of the animals that is able to engender, then it sometimes happens thereby that the child is humpbacked and bursted.

There is one part of the volume which if we were not to notice we should be doing Mr. Cockayne a serious injustice. The two glossaries at the end are extremely valuable, and the editor has

evidently bestowed an immense amount of labour on collecting the Saxon names of plants. Yet even in these Mr. Cockayne cannot confine himself to his subject, and accordingly in one place we have half a column of his glossary taken up with a vindication of himself for translating the Saxon word *Oyrcphla*, or *oircpæddappa* in Greek, an oyster-patty, and referring to an anonymous critic who had foolishly mistaken the words for Oyster and Easter. Mr. Cockayne is entirely at home in Anglo-Saxon and in botany, but if he is to edit any more works in this series we should seriously recommend him to get some one else to write his prefaces.

LONDON PAUPERISM.*

THIS is a timely republication of some letters that originally appeared in a contemporary, which deserved notice as containing a large amount of information upon a highly important subject. The occasional disclosures of the defective working of the Poor-law produce more or less spasmodic attempts at reform. The agitation which led to the passing of Mr. Hardy's Act was the result of a particular set of revelations, and the Act may be confidently expected to produce a good effect, so far as it goes. It is, however, to be feared that the grievances which it is intended to remedy are merely manifestations of a far wider and more deeply spread, and at the same time a steadily increasing, evil. Mr. Stallard's book is calculated to throw light upon the amount of work that has to be done before anything like a sufficient remedy can be applied. We have no serious fault to find either with the spirit or with the style of the work. It is perhaps a little desultory and confused in arrangement, for which a hasty republication is some apology; but the materials are of great value, and are set forth without undue prolixity. The idea of the book seems to be to force upon our notice the contrast between Jews and Christians—very much to the disadvantage of the latter. And, whatever may be the difficulty of applying on a large scale some of the methods by which Jews assist the poorer members of their body, there can be no doubt that we may learn many useful principles from their example; for considerable results have been actually obtained, in the face of some serious difficulties, by a private organization, whilst our own official machinery for grappling with pauperism has on the whole been a failure.

The Jewish poor suffer from some special disadvantages. Owing partly to the popular prejudices against them, and partly to the various ceremonial observances which prevent them from working with Christian masters for more than four days and a half in the week, they are practically excluded from many trades. They are confined to various precarious occupations—to the old-clothes business, to certain small manufactures, cigar-making, tailoring, and glaziers, and to a trade which Mr. Stallard euphemistically describes as dealing "in a variety of goods which are not always obtained from legitimate sources." Moreover, from several causes, there has been a constant influx of German, Dutch, and Polish Jews to London—chiefly, it seems, from their dislike to compulsory military service, and from the fact that in Holland they have only one regular occupation, that of diamond-cutting. Now it has always been a merit of the Jews, as of other small bodies bound together by a strong dislike from without, that they have been exceedingly liberal to their own people, and have supported a large number of useful charities for the benefit of the poorer brethren. Still, until the year 1859, the Jewish charities were as badly organized as other charities in London; and the growing separation between rich and poor tended to make the assistance given less effective than had formerly been the case. As a natural consequence, pauperism was rapidly increasing. Under these circumstances a Central Board of Guardians was appointed, who now undertake the management of all the Jewish poor. Mr. Stallard gives a variety of interesting details as to the mode in which the Board carries on its operations, which seem to show remarkably good sense. The main purpose of all intelligent relief is to put the person relieved in the way of becoming independent of relief for the future. In order to do this effectually, the Jewish Guardians have a Visiting Committee of gentlemen, each of whom takes under his care a certain number of pauper families, and whose advice as to their treatment is received by the Central Board. In cases of necessity, where the persons relieved are presumed to be really anxious for work, they are helped with great liberality until they become self-supporting; and, in all cases, they are presumed to be honest, until they are proved to be impostors—the contrary being the rule of the English Poor-law Guardians. There are a number of subsidiary institutions, which come to the aid of the paupers under the direction of the central body. Thus, for example, many of the Jews were employed in trades which suffered from the introduction of sewing-machines. The only chance of relieving them permanently was either to remove them to other occupations or to teach them to use the sewing-machines themselves. A number of machines were accordingly issued under certain stringent rules. The borrower had to repay the cost of the machine by small weekly instalments, he had to find sureties for fulfilling his engagements and for proper treatment of the machine; and he had to obtain a certificate of competency, with a view to which some member of the family was generally educated at the depot of the manufacturer. The borrower is regularly visited during the time of repayment, and is encouraged

* *London Pauperism among Jews and Christians.* By J. H. Stallard, M.B. Lond. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1867

to perform his contract punctually by a small remission in the price. The result of this system is stated to be that the Committee have now 1,500*l.* worth of sewing-machines lent out to the poor, that only one machine has been unfairly dealt with, and that hundreds of families have been rescued from pauperism.

As a special instance of the way in which the Jewish system is practically carried into operation, Mr. Stallard gives us the following story, contrasted with a parallel case of Christian benevolence:—A Jewish widow was left with five small children. She lived for two years upon the sale of her furniture, and was then compelled to apply for relief. The visitor reported that the woman could do nothing to maintain herself, and would have enough to do in looking after her children. She was a well-conducted person, and he undertook to see that the family were saved from degradation and pauperism. The parish granted her 2*s.* and five loaves a week. The Jewish Guardians then replaced the bed she had sold; they apprenticed the elder children to a trade at 2*s.* a week, and allowed the woman 2*s.* a week in meat and grocery. A rich Jewish family was further induced to give them help in various forms, and the children not employed went free of charge to the infant school, where they also received an occasional meal. The Christian widow contrasted with this fortunate Jewess had been the wife of a policeman who had received a pension of 30*l.* a year. On his death by an accident, his widow, with six small children, gradually fell into want. She received a parish allowance of 4*s.* and four loaves of bread per week. She managed to get a little work, but the want of food told upon her strength; and the children gradually became neglected, and the mother sank lower and lower. At last, after a year of that cruel struggle which the London poor too often undergo from an honourable pride, she and five children were driven to the workhouse, the eldest having been taken into service. They now cost at least 5*s.* each a week. "If the trustees," says Mr. Stallard, "had allowed her 15*s.* a week in her own home, they would have saved in the ten months which have elapsed more than 30*l.* It is expected," he adds, "that a widow shall keep her children on 1*l.* 4*d.* each per day; and when they have been gradually beaten down into despair, it receives them into the workhouse, where they are certain to be contaminated, and probably to be made into paupers for generations to come."

The contrast between the two stories is sufficiently pointed; and if it were possible to make every poor widow as comfortable as the Jewess, without injuring the self-respect and independent spirit of the poor, every one would be glad to see it. But it is obvious that great advantages are possessed by a small body with a strong spirit of fellow-feeling, and numbering amongst its members many liberal and rich persons. It is a totally different task to apply the same principles to the huge masses of Christian pauperism with which we unluckily have to deal in London; and it may be argued that such liberality as that described would be impolitic, even if it were practicable. It is a very melancholy thing to hear of persons starving every week because they refuse to accept the alternative of the workhouse, but it would be still more melancholy if the spirit which leads to such struggles were to become extinct. And certainly, if relief were to be indiscriminately administered upon such a scale as that above suggested, there would be great reasons for fearing that it might be injurious to an honest independence. Here, however, Mr. Stallard has a very pertinent reply to make. His objection to the present system of Poor-law relief is that the one rigid test applied to every case is really suitable only to a small minority. The theory upon which the New Poor-law proceeds is that no one shall claim relief who is not willing to come into the workhouse. As against the able-bodied paupers, those who are capable of working but thoroughly idle, this is a fair and efficient test. But they are a quite insignificant fraction of London pauperism, and upon other classes the operation of the test is totally different from that which was contemplated. A widow with a family of children, as in the case above-mentioned, receives a trifling pittance which just enables her to struggle on for a few months, until she is driven to the workhouse, and the family added to the great mass of permanent paupers. A little liberal assistance, proportionate to the real needs of the case, might be speedily repaid by enabling the family to become self-supporting. The mode in which cases are generally heard before the different Boards of Guardians sufficiently indicates the impossibility of properly varying the treatment, and may help us to guess at the results which naturally follow from an application of one uniform rule in every instance. Thus, at Bethnal Green 390 paupers will be brought before the Board in succession, and each will be disposed of in less than half a minute. In other parishes the whole, or nearly the whole, work is left to the relieving officer, the Guardians being quite unable to attend to it themselves. Of course a certain routine is followed indiscriminately in all cases. The consequence is that the general operation of a provision intended to suppress pauperism is really to increase it; and, as a matter of fact, it has increased by fifty per cent. during the last seven years. These evils have been greatly aggravated by the gradual crowding of the poor into the most distressed districts, consequent upon the various clearances of houses and the expansion of the wealthy quarters where no houses for the poor are built. There are the unfortunate parishes in the East of London, where it is impossible to raise the rates materially because it would pauperise thousands more, and where the present rates are only sufficient to allow a weekly 8*d.* or 9*d.* a head to the persons relieved. In the City 244*l.* is spent upon 2,071 paupers, whilst in Whitechapel 81*l.* only is given to 2,330. Thus the pauperism which spreads even

in the richer districts threatens to become wholesale in the poorest, and its tendency to spread accumulates as the poor and rich become more widely separated.

We have shortly pointed out the most prominent evils noticed by Mr. Stallard, and which he abundantly illustrates and exposes. We have no room to discuss the remedies he suggests, and perhaps it would be premature to express any definite opinion upon them. His main proposals are an equalization of the metropolitan rates, which he considers to be a necessary first step to any thorough reform, and the appointment of a paid and responsible Central Board to enforce an intelligent system of relief. The Guardians, he thinks, might still be useful in a secondary capacity; and it should be our object, not to diminish private charity, but to enable it to receive a better organization and to co-operate with the official system of relief, instead of being, as at present, wasted in numberless spasmodic and totally chaotic efforts. There can be no doubt in the mind of any of Mr. Stallard's readers that the evils which he exposes will require the most serious attention of Parliament as soon as it has time to do anything useful, and that they are steadily growing in importance. The mode* of meeting them will require fuller discussion.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY far the most remarkable of the American works at present before us is one which its author justly describes as being an historical essay rather than a biography, and which is perhaps more truly a study of character than of history. The reader who should take it up with the hope of finding in it anything like a connected account of the reign or life of the extraordinary man whose name is placed on the title-page* would be disappointed with it. But regarded, as it should be, simply as an inquiry into one of the most curious psychological problems which history suggests, it is a work of no ordinary interest. Of all the men who played a great and terrible part in the struggles of the sixteenth century, and who, when the passions which animated those struggles had died away, came to be judged by history according to the laws of a new morality and in the light of a civilization to which they were strangers, none has received a more general or more merciless condemnation than Philip II. of Spain. This was but natural, so long as historians continued to content themselves with the coarse and unmixed colours in which public opinion always paints the heroes and the villains of its fancy, and failed to apply to the men of the past the more enlightened philosophy which all educated and thoughtful persons have learnt to employ in judging their contemporaries, and which has dispelled among them the popular belief in human demigods and incarnate demons. It is only when history comes to make use of the highest lessons of psychology, as well as to comprehend the spirit and the ideas of the past ages with which she deals, that it becomes possible, we do not say to render justice to, but even to conceive, the character of Philip II. There is nothing in that character to attract the enthusiasm of a professional rehabilitator—nothing to awaken the sympathies of those in whose hands the practical power of pronouncing the judgment of posterity is at present reposed. Philip was the champion of a wrong cause—of intolerance, bigotry, and darkness; and his personal conduct and temper had in it nothing to redeem the errors of his political course. He had none of the chivalric brilliancy of Francis, none of the bluff manliness of Henry, none of the imperial spirit and heroic energy of his father, alike terrible in the field, formidable in diplomacy, and imposing amid the pageantry of a Court. His domestic life was as gloomy, dreary, and bigoted, his demeanour and temper as dark and repulsive, as his public policy. It is easy, even for comparatively tolerant and catholic students of history, to believe him to have been in truth the utterly wicked and hateful being that historical prejudice paints him. And the present essayist has done wisely, therefore, in prefixing to his inquiry into the life and character of such a man the story of his death—the one scene in his history which exhibits him in a favourable light. Philip II. died amid such torments of body as have very rarely indeed intensified the horrors of death—in such suffering as the rack and the wheel, the axe and the faggot, never inflicted on his victims. For days and weeks he lay in indescribable anguish, amid squalor and fetor which we will not sicken our readers by endeavouring to portray, his body rotting away while the mind was still alive in all its strength and all its susceptibility to suffering; and yet no murmur of impatience, no expression that did not breathe the most perfect resignation to the will of God, escaped from his lips. Dying a death which reminded his enemies of the end of Herod, he was never haunted by the spectres of the men whom he had caused to die by fire and sword, by the axe and the gibbet; he had no remorseful thoughts of those whom he had caused to be assassinated by shot or steel or poison; he died as full of Christian hope and patience, so far as his own demeanour and the observation of all around him could testify, as the most innocent and most faithful of the thousand martyrs who had suffered by his command. It needs such a proof of sincerity to induce us to listen with any degree of belief to the theory that all the crimes of this man—crimes which every religion and every code of morality,

* *Philip II. of Spain.* By Charles Gayarré, Author of "History of Louisiana under the French, Spanish, and American Domination," &c. &c. With an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft. New York: W. T. Widdleton. 1866. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

royal or popular, Catholic or Protestant, heathen or Christian, has alike condemned, secret murders as well as judicial atrocities, the assassination of friends and relatives as well as of public enemies—were in his own estimation acts of Christian virtue; that this remorseless tyrant was at the same time a devout and earnest believer. It is difficult to account for his character on any other supposition than that indicated by the writer; that he was firmly possessed with a conviction of his own royal superiority to all secular laws and rights, as well as of the infallibility of the Church, and that he really and consistently carried out to the full extent of which it is capable the doctrine that the end justifies the means—a doctrine which probably no other man ever pushed to its logical consequences. The study of such a character, and of the various questions which arise from its contemplation, cannot fail to have a deep interest for a very large number of readers, and Mr. Gayarré's work is likely to enjoy a wider popularity than books of so limited and peculiar a scope commonly attain.

Of the numberless volumes which the American civil war has produced, certainly not the least interesting, according to its very limited size and pretensions, is the narrative of an officer who served "With Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign." * A certain flippancy and boastfulness which at times disfigures it, and which is peculiarly offensive when it is employed to express a kind of contempt for the brave men who adhered to the falling cause to the last, and who in the darkest hour of its fortunes still maintained a hopeless struggle against fourfold odds, is its worst fault. But, when writing seriously, the author is not ungenerous in his treatment of the defeated Confederates, and his lively sketch of a brief but very exciting episode in the war, beginning with the movement which threatened to cut Lee off from the South, and compelled the evacuation of Richmond, and ending with the surrender of the Virginian army, will be read without irritation by the warmest friends of the defeated party. It is the history of a few days, but those few days were the most eventful in the war. A particularly interesting passage, and one marked by unusual good taste and feeling, is the brief account of the surrender. The writer was not actually present at the interview, but he was on the spot, and was seated with others in the verandah in front of the house where it took place when the Confederate Commander-in-Chief quitted it:—

In a moment Colonel Babcock came out, smiling, whirled his hat round his head once, and beckoned Generals Ord and Sheridan to come in. They walked the floor silently, as people do who have first peep at a baby, and after a while General Lee came out and signaled to his orderly to bring his horse. While this was being done, he stood on the lowest step of the piazza (we had all risen respectfully as he passed down), and looking over into the valley toward his army, smote his hands together several times in an absent sort of way, utterly unconscious of the people about him, and seeming to see nothing till his horse was led in front of him. As he stood there he appeared to be about sixty years of age; a tall, soldierly figure of a man, with a full gray beard, a new suit of gray clothes, a high gray felt hat, with a cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding boots, and a beautiful sword. He was all that our fancy had painted him, and he had the sympathy of us all as he rode away.

An able and interesting account of the battle of Chancellorsville, from the pens of two Confederate officers of rank, appears to belong to a series of narratives describing the principal battles in which the army of Northern Virginia—at first commanded by General Joseph Johnstone and afterwards by General Lee—was engaged. To this is added a simple and matter-of-fact, but not on that account the less touching, history of the last hours of the great and good man to whose skill and daring that brilliant success was mainly due, and who fell by the fire of his own men in the moment of victory. It appears that the first suggestion of the daring march around the enemy's flank, in violation of all the established rules of war, by which the day was won, was due to Stonewall Jackson. But the courage and discipline which rendered it possible—which made it safe for General Lee to divide his army in face of a vastly superior enemy, and to undertake with 15,000 men to hold 60,000 at bay during the whole time occupied by Jackson's manoeuvre—reflect as much honour on the Virginian army as the strategy which put it to such use confers upon the memory of its favourite hero. A report from General Hooker renders justice to the admirable discipline of his enemy, while it very unduly depreciates the personal qualities of the Southern soldiery. There can be no doubt that the troops which conquered at Manassas before they had been enrolled three months, which held their own on every occasion against enormous odds, and compelled the North three or four times to renew and re-organize the army of the Potomac, were equal in natural military virtues to any soldiery in the world; at the same time we may freely accept General Hooker's assertion that they were greatly superior in discipline, not only to their adversaries, but to any other of the Southern armies. We may also observe that the army of the Potomac had been so badly handled at Manassas, on the Chickahominy, at Centreville, and at Fredericksburg, that it was thoroughly demoralized; that of all its generals up to this time McClellan alone had contrived to secure the respect and confidence of his men; and that troops which had been commanded by braggarts like Pope and Hooker, and hurled against the Con-

federate batteries by Burnside, were sure to distrust their commander, while their unvaried series of disasters must have shaken their faith in themselves. On the other hand, the Confederates had a confidence in Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson which amounted to wild enthusiasm. It does honour to the natural bravery and devotion of the Northern soldiers that, under commanders who deserved their trust, they always behaved well. Under Sheridan and Pleasanton, under Meade and Grant, even under McClellan, they were often beaten, but never disgraced. When we find that, when Hooker took the command, 2,000 officers and 80,000 men were missing from the army, as deserters or on furlough, it is not difficult to believe that even a better general might have lost the battle of Chancellorsville.

Three Years in the Field Hospitals * is an account of the experiences of a lady who, being brought by circumstances in contact with the wounded from the field of Antietam, was induced to devote herself to a nurse's duties during the remainder of the war. It is, unhappily, marked by a temper more patriotic than generous. The authoress may have been distinguished in works of patriotism and charity, but she can certainly claim no exemption from the narrowness of spirit and pettiness of malice which ill-nature attributes to feminine patriots.

Mr. Whipple's *Character and Characteristic Men* † is a series of reprinted essays or lectures on different types of human or national character, and on individual men of general or local distinction, which are perhaps a little heavy for the ordinary reader, but are enlivened by a number of striking incidents and sayings, some of them familiar, but nearly all amusing or interesting, and display a good deal of thought and study of an original kind. The paper on Thackeray brings out clearly and forcibly that peculiarity of the great humourist's writings which his friends endeavour to excuse when they deny the charge of cynicism, and which gives to his novels in particular that painful influence which they certainly possess—that power of damping enthusiasm, and inspiring a sad and depreciatory estimate of human nature and human affairs, which all who have read them before they had learnt the same lessons from the experience of life must have felt. As Mr. Whipple justly observes, this characteristic quality of Thackeray's writings ought not so much to be called cynicism as scepticism—a scepticism applied, not to theology, but to humanity, and tending from a distrust of mankind to a disbelief in, or indifference to, all human aims and aspirations. The critic justly remarks that we must judge a writer by his writings, and not by his life; and that, if such be the tendency of Thackeray's works, it is no answer to say that his private character was genial, generous, and untainted by cynicism. Perhaps the most remarkable of the papers are those on the American Mind, on the English Mind, and on General Washington. In accusing English literature and thought of coarseness and want of refinement, and English politics of violence and rudeness, we know not whence Mr. Whipple takes his standard of comparison; assuredly, if the comparison intended is between England and America, the censure is wholly unwarranted. We rather fancy that, respecting literature, Mr. Whipple's notions are derived from Shakspeare and Fielding, in which case he has made the clumsy mistake of attributing to a nation the qualities of an age. His estimate of his own countrymen is more valuable, though it would have been much more interesting had he shown more at length the circumstances which have given its peculiar bent to the genius and thought of America, and turned it from war, politics, science, and literature to mechanics and commerce. In the address upon Washington he enters an indignant protest against a tendency in which we recognise the worst vice of democracy—the tendency of orators to flatter the common place majority by representing great men as commonplace in character and intellect, and great by force of will or of circumstances; implying that what they did any of the speaker's hearers might in their place have accomplished. Mr. Whipple's vindication of the genius and moral and intellectual grandeur of the American hero is eloquent and just. We should observe that nearly all these essays were written before the civil war—a circumstance which gives to some of them as obsolete an air as would attach among ourselves to similar papers written before the Reform Act of 1832.

Historical Memoirs of the Society of Friends ‡ is a species of abridged history of the earlier part of the existence and growth of a religious body which appears by this time to have passed the culminating point of its fortunes and influence. The narrative is given in the form of personal memoirs of the most eminent members of the sect. The tone and temper of the writer indicate a degree of bigotry which is not, we should fancy, now very common among his fellow-sectaries; but as a certain degree of hero-worship is almost essential to a good biography, so the historian of a sect is likely to do all the more justice to the character and conduct of its founders and confessors if he attaches an exaggerated importance to the forms and doctrines which they established, and to the peculiar principles for which they laboured and suffered. A

* *With General Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign.* By a Staff Officer. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1866.

† *The Battle-fields of Virginia. Chancellorsville; embracing the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, from the first battle of Fredericksburg to the death of Lieutenant-General Jackson.* By Jed. Hotchkiss, late Captain and Topographical Engineer, Second Corps, A.N.V., and William Allan, late Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Ordnance, Second Corps, A.N.V. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

* *Three Years in Field Hospitals of the Army of the Potomac.* By Mrs. H. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *Character and Characteristic Men.* By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡ *Select Historical Memoirs of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers; being a succinct account of their Character and Course during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* By William Hodgson. Second Edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

man would not make the story of early Quakerism attractive who believed, with Macaulay, that Penn was a hypocrite and Fox a madman.

*The Knights Templars of Pennsylvania** is an account of a peculiar Masonic society, having branches in Europe as well as in America, which claims descent from the Orders of the Temple and St. John, as well as a close relation to Freemasonry, all the Knights Templars being obliged to show a diploma as Royal Arch Masons. The book is written for the Order, and to its members the pretensions which it upholds may possibly appear interesting and credible.

Our Artist in Peru† is the title of a series of clever little comic sketches, representing some of the incidents of a voyage to Lima by way of Panama, by Mr. Carleton, author of *Our Artist in Cuba*. Mr. Miller, of Broadway, publishes a Guide-book to New York, which seems likely to be of service to the traveller who knows what he wants to do or to see, but it falls far short of those excellent works of Murray's which tell him what he ought to wish to see, and even of the general American Handbook which we recently noticed.

Some volumes of poetry are among the productions of last month, of which by far the most interesting is an exquisitely illustrated and beautifully printed edition of *The Cypriote Fay*‡, written by Mr. J. R. Drake in 1819, suggested, it is said, by a question as to the possibility of constructing a fairy tale whose interest should not be derived from the human actors. The poem itself is not very familiar to English readers, and its intrinsic attractions are greatly enhanced by the admirable drawings which embellish the present edition. *The Tent on the Beach*|| is the title of a new poem by Mr. J. G. Whittier, including a variety of minor pieces introduced in the course of its simple story. In addition to these we find, among others, a very large and various collection of poems, American and English, compiled by C. A. Dana, under the title of *The Household Book of Poetry*.¶

* *History of the Knights Templar of the State of Pennsylvania, from February 14th, A.D. 1794, A. O. 676, to November 13th, A.D. 1866, A. O. 743, A. O. E. 69.* Prepared and arranged from Original Papers, together with the Constitution, Divisions, Resolutions, and Forms of the R. E. Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania. Alfred Creigh, LL.D., T. E. T. 33, Historiographer of Knights Templar of Pennsylvania and of the United States; Author of "Masonry and Anti-Masonry," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Lipincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *Our Artist in Peru.* (Fifty Drawings on Wood.) Leaves from the Sketch-book of a Traveller during the Winter 1865-6. By George H. Carleton, Author of "Our Artist in Cuba," &c. New York: Carleton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

‡ *Miller's New York as it is; or, Stranger's Guide-book to the Cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Adjacent Places.* Comprising notices of every object of interest to Strangers, including Public Buildings, Churches, Hotels, Places of Amusement, Literary Institutions, &c. New York: James Miller. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

§ *The Cypriote Fay.* A Poem. By Joseph Rodman Drake. With One Hundred Illustrations, by Arthur Lumley. New York: Carleton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

|| *The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

¶ *The Household Book of Poetry.* Collected and Edited by Charles A. Dana. Eleventh Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Twenty-Third Season.—On Tuesday, 30th, at a Quarter past Three, Madlle. MEHLIG, LEONOLD AUER, and the Brothers THURN, Pianists from Fench, are engaged with Miss Goffie, Harriet (Gladson), Lazarus, Barret, Hutchings, Svendsen, and Harper. Sextet in D, Divertimento, Mozart; Trio in E, Op. 84, Hummel; Solo, Violin, L. Auer; Quintet, E flat, with Wind Instruments and Piano; Beethoven: Andante and Pastorale, Honzola, C. Thurn, for Two Pianofortes. Visitors' Tickets, Half a Guinea, to be had of Lamborn Cook & Co.; Olivier & Co., Bond Street; Scott & Co.; Ewer & Co., Regent Street; Austin, at St. James's Hall; and Ashdown & Parry, Roper Square. Members whose Tickets have not been sent are requested to give notice at the Entrance, Regent Street, or in writing to J. ELLA, Director.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. On May 6, BEETHOVEN'S GRAND CHORAL SYMPHONY (composed expressly for the Society) will be performed. Principal Vocalists: Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Faisy-Wylick, Messrs. Cummings and Faisy. Reserved Seats, 15s. each.—L. Cook, Addison, & Co., 6 New Bond Street.

By Order, STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—Mr. C. J. HARGITT'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. Friday Evening, May 10, at Eight o'clock. Madlle. Lie-Bhart, Miss Rose Herce, Madame E. Behrens, Herr Reichardt and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Mr. Weiss and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Pianoforte, Madlle. Mehlig. The St. Cecilia Choral Society. Band of Sixty from the Royal Italian Opera, &c. Conductor, Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Beethoven's rarely-heard Cantata, "The Cain Sea" and "The Praise of Music" (in six movements). The Choral Fantasia, Piano, Madlle. Mehlig. Overture to "Ermioni." New Cantata "To Schiller," and Overture to "Struensee" (Meyerbeer). New Song by Reichardt, Hargitt, &c. Ballet and Chorus, by Gounod (first time in London).—Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; Balcony, 7s. and 5s.; Area, 3s.; Back Balcony, 2s. 1 of L. Cook, Addison, & Co., 6 New Bond Street; Addison, 210 Regent Street; Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; Olivier, 19 Old Bond Street; Keith, Frouse, & Co., 45 Chesapeake; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 25 Piccadilly.

WILL OPEN ON MONDAY NEXT, APRIL 29.
SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION. 5 Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven.
WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FOURTEENTH SEASON, 1867-8.
The Uniform GUINEA SEASON TICKET (Children under Twelve, 10s. 6d.), admits to the

NINE GRAND OPERA CONCERTS, Saturdays in May, June, and July.
Supported by the Artists of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre.
The First of these Concerts on Saturday, May 4.—Tickets now ready.
GREAT FESTIVAL CONCERT in aid of the Restoration Fund of the Palace.
GREAT FLOWER SHOW of the SEASON, Saturday, May 25.
GREAT ROSE SHOW, Saturday, June 30.
GREAT PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY and ILLUMINATION of FOUNTAINS, and Evening Fete, Thursday, May 23 (day following Derby Day).
POPULAR BALLAD CONCERTS on Wednesday, May 8, and Monday, May 20.
DRAMATIC COLLEGE FANCY FAIR REVELS, Saturday and Monday, July 13 and 15.
ARCHERY FETES, July 18 and 19.
CRICKET MATCHES, as appointed (see List).
SATURDAY CONCERTS, throughout Winter and Spring.
GREAT FOUNTAIN DISPLAYS (to be announced).
GREAT CHORAL CONCERT of METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS (Mr. Martin), May 1 (Opening Day).
GREAT CHORAL CONCERT of TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION (Mr. Saril), May 15.
GREAT CHORAL CONCERT of METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Hullah), May 28, and other Attractions, and generally up to 36th April 1868.
"The most abundantly good Guinea's worth that ever spread itself over a whole year's rational recreation."—*Vide Critique.*
These Tickets, with Programme of New Season, may now be had at the Crystal Palace, No. 2 Exeter Hall, and the usual Agents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—OPERA CONCERTS and AFTER-NOON PROMENADES.—A Series of NINE GRAND OPERA CONCERTS, supported by the eminent Artists both of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre. The series will therefore possess commanding interest.
The First Concert on Saturday next, May 4, 1867, to commence at Three o'clock.
Vocalists.—Madlle. Pauline Lucca, Madlle. Leonora Nau, Madlle. Friedl, Signor Graziani, Signor Naudin, Monsieur Peitl. Solo Contrabasso—Signor Bottesini. Conductor—Mr. Martin.
Admission by Tickets, purchased on or before Friday, Half-a-Crown, or by Payment at Doors of the Palace on the day, Five Shillings. Guinea Season Tickets five.
Transferable Numbered Stalls for this series of Concerts, One Guinea, or for corner seats on the Orchestra, in close proximity to the Artists, One Guinea and a Half, may now be secured. Single Stalls for this Concert, Half-a-Crown each, will be issued on Wednesday next. A limited number of Chairs as Numbered Stalls at corners of Orchestra, Five Shillings each.

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Patroness—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of Handel's MESSIAH, in Aid of the Funds of the Society, St. James's Hall, Friday, May 3, at Eight o'clock. Miss Louisa Frye, Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Talbot Cher, Madame Faisy-Whitlock, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Faisy, Wallworth, and Weiss. Principal Violin, Mr. J. T. Willy. Trumpet, Obbligato, Mr. T. Harper. Organist, Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Conductor, Professor W. S. Bennett, Mus. Doc. Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. and 3s.
Lisle Street, W. By Order, STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

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FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The Fourteenth ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION at South Kensington will be OPENED to the Public on Friday, May 2, 1867. Admission on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, One Shilling each person; on Tuesdays, Half-a-Crown. Season Tickets, available also for the Private View (May 2), 10s. each, may be obtained at the South Kensington Museum.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st, and RE-OPENED on the 8th of May, 1867. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of May, inclusive.
British Museum, April 26, 1867. J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION. Instituted 1814. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1842.
Under the immediate Protection of Her Most Excellent Majesty the QUEEN.
President.—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.
The FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, May 18.

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President.—WILLIAM TITE, Esq., M.P., V.P.S.A.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at 25 Parliament Street, Westminster, on Thursday, May 2, at Four o'clock.
WILLIAM J. THOMS, Secretary.

The following Books will be issued to the Members in return for the Subscription of One Pound, due May 1, 1867:

I. NOTES ON POPE ALEXANDER the SEVENTH and the COLLEGE of CARDINALS. By the Rev. Dr. JOHN BARON. Edited by the Rev. J. CHARLES ROBERTSON, M.A., Canon of Canterbury.
II. ACCOUNTS and PAPERS RELATING to MARY QUEEN of SCOTS. Edited by ALLAN J. CROFT, Esq., and JOHN BAUCE, Esq.
III. HISTORY from MARBLE. Being Ancient and Modern Faint Monuments in England and Wales. By THOMAS DUNN, Esq. Facsimile in Photo-lithography, by Vincent Brooks. With an Introduction by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A. Part I. (Will be delivered as soon as ready.)

* Copies of Mr. Way's Edition of the "Promptorium Fulcrumorum," the Three Parts in 1 vol., half morocco, Roxburgh Style, may be obtained by Members on application to Messrs. Nicolson, 25 Parliament Street, Westminster, at the price of 15s. per copy.

Gentlemen who are not Members of the CAMDEN SOCIETY may procure copies at One Guinea each.

For these early application is desirable.
The Subscription to the CAMDEN SOCIETY is One Pound per annum, payable in advance on the 1st of May in each year. Applications for Prospectuses, from Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members, may be addressed to the Secretary, or to Messrs. Nicolson, 25 Parliament Street, S.W., to whom all Subscriptions are to be paid.

All Communications on the subject of Subscriptions to be addressed to JOHN GOSWOLD Nicolson, Esq., at the Post Office, for the payment of the same to be made payable at the Post Office, Parliament Street, S.W.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.—The TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL DINNER, in aid of the Funds of this Charity, will take place at Willis's Rooms on Monday next, the 29th inst. Vice-Chancellor Sir WILLIAM PAGE WOOD in the Chair. Gentlemen willing to become Stewards are requested to forward their Names to JAMES S. BLYTH, Secretary.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Wednesday, May 15. The Very Rev. the DEAN of ST. PAUL'S in the Chair. The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements. 4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, 4 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.—Tuesday, 30th inst., at 6 p.m. Further Discoveries of Early Man in Belgium. By Dr. Dupont. Turkish Nomenclature. By Dr. Hyde Clarke. Dyaks of Sarawak. By Dr. Houghton.

DR. TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Thirty-two LECTURES on MAGNETISM, ELECTRICITY, SOUND, LIGHT, and HEAT, at Two o'clock on Monday the 29th of April, at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, to be continued on every Week day but Saturday at the same hour. Fee for the Course, 4s. TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

BRADFIELD.—ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield, near Reading.—Incorporated by Royal Charter. This School will meet again after the Easter Holidays on Wednesday, May 8. For information, apply to the Warden, Rev. THOMAS STEVENS, Bradfield, near Reading; or to the Honorary Secretary, J. H. PARRSON, Esq., at his Chambers, 1 Elm Court, Middle Temple, London.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.—CLASSES under Signor Garcia, Signor Traventi, Mrs. Stead, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., J. Benedict, Esq., F. Praeger, Esq., C. Manzold, Esq., M. Roche, Dr. Heilmann, Signor Volpe, J. Radford, Esq., Cave Thomas, Esq., Mrs. Harrison, Madame L. Michan, A. Colman, Esq., &c. The SENIOR TERM begins April 29th. Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application at the College, or to the Lady Resident.

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ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, Radley, Abingdon.—The School will meet again, after the Easter Holidays, on Thursday, May 9. Roll Call at a Quarter before Seven P.M.—For particulars, apply to the WARDEN, or to G. PRICE, Esq., Bursar.

THE VERULAM TUTORIAL INSTITUTE, Established to prepare CANDIDATES for the Indian and Home Civil Service.—A Staff of Sixteen Tutors, Graduates in Honours of Oxford and Cambridge (Wrangler, Seventh Classic, First Class in Law, &c.), Graduate Professors of Foreign Languages, and Indian Gentlemen, are arranged for the instruction of Students.—Prospectus from W. H. SPENCER, M.A., 4 Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn.

CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION of CANDIDATES will be held by the CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS on March 31, 1868, and following days. The Competition will be open to all natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty who on the 1st of March next shall be over Seventeen and under Twenty-one Years of Age, and of good Health and Character.

CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.—Examination of March, 1868. Copies of the REGULATIONS may be had upon application to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.

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2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	0 9 0
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1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 1 2
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 4 0	0 5 6	0 6 0
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